No. 4 Autumn, 1928

THE EXILE

EDITED BY EZRA POUND

4

In this Number

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS
ROBERT McALMON
ZUKOFSKY
COURNOS
RAKOSI
FALKOFF-KLIORIN

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THE EXILE

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Simplicities

Root ideas, most ideas of any importance reduce themselves to very simple verbal manifestations, to which the mass of mankind appears to be wholly impervious. The legendary sages contented themselves with producing a few sentences and leaving them for the receptive. The late T. E. Hulme used to say that all any man ever *thought* would go on a half a sheet of note-paper, that the rest was padding or approaches to the idea or beating about the bush.

The discouraging thing for an artist is that when he emits an "abstract" or general proposition he can not sign it in the way he signs a poem or a drawing; i.e., saturate it with his own presence in cadence or in proportion. Any spoofist, any Maynard Keynes, any London Times parasite, in fact any academic dunce, can use the same form, can insert a negative or a comma and produce something that looks like an idea; the only difference being that one man's statement is true and the other man's buncomb.

Changes of state, "great destinies," etc.; as for example, Napoleon's discovery that artillery became effective when the cannon were aimed at what they were intended to hit. The law of war and of chess

(which Bonaparte said, and rightly, was nothing at all like war): "deux hommes pour un sur le champs de bataille"; *und so weiter.*

In the second number of Exile (p. 117) I printed a few such basic formulæ. So far as I know without effect on "our readers."

Years ago I laboured to print an essay of Fenollosa's on the Chinese Written Character, an essay of infinite value. Did any one grasp its significance? I doubt it. After years of struggle, rejection by various so called philosophic reviews (including one run by a certain Carus, whom, despite my firm disbelief in all forms of violence, I shall probably flog if I ever meet in person, language and the law of libel preventing adequate treatment of such a problem).

At any rate, I finally did get the essay into print by jamming it into a book of my own (INSTIGATIONS) now unavailable . . . and I am still unable to secure a separate reprint of the Fenollosa essay . . . and so forth.

Despite which hindrances and annoyances I propose, perhaps for the last time, to have a try at a few simplifications, carefully warning the reader beforehand.

Editors in general want such things wrapped in "an article."

STATECRAFT

Practical men like Lenin and Mussolini differ from inefficients like Otto Baur in that they have a sense of time.

SOCIOLOGY

is not a study of statics. As morals are modified by increasing knowledge of medicine, sociology is modified by scientific discovery. Sic: the Russian revolution owes its success to Marconi. You may verify this by reference to John Reed's "Ten Days that Shook the World." The bolshevik coup d'état could not have been effected without wireless; the other means of communication were sabbotaged.

The bone-head is to some extent right in refusing to listen to academic theoreticians, Marxists or others. Any set of social doctrines is valid only *in relation* to modes of production (communication, distribution).

Forms of government that are impossible without motor-ploughs and steam tractors are perfectly possible with them.

People talk of science as if it were a desiccation not an enrichment; we are slower to take over the ways of thinking and thought instruments from science than one wd. think were possible. We continue with thought forms and with language structures used by monolinear mediæval logic, when the aptitudes of human mind developed in course of bio-chemical

studies have long since outrun such simple devices. By which I mean that the biologist can often know and think clearly a number of things he can not put in a simple sentence; he can dissociate things for which there is as yet no dissociated language structure. Writing, especially so called abstract or critical writing, still plays ostrich, pretending that it can not think (or express) perfectly comprehensible things that don't happen to fit the syllogism (of all tiny toys) or language constructions as cramped as correct academic french idioms—and this even in our tongue.

In parenthesis the cinema has come to our aid vide note on "Die Simphonie der Grosse Stadt Berlin."

ETHICS

Sound principles of Ethics are presumably to be found in the TA HIO.

It takes possibly the labour of a century to find the just equation for any great principle. The 18th. century found the definition or let us say the formula for the right amount of individual liberty compatible with civilized institutions: The right to do anything "*qui ne nuit pas aux autres.*"

A formula recently betrayed with great thoroughness by the American people or their rulers.

This century has seen two ideas move into practice. I believe that in America a man of no im-

portance has come into note for a phrase about "pinning the bolshevik idea onto" his opponent. This is not enough to convince me that any one in America or in Western Europe has located the bolshevik *idea*, i.e. as distinct from general revolutionary or insurrectionary and disorderly schwermerei, and more or less unimportant variants in the manner of popular representation.

The soviet *idea* is contained in the decree about banks. (Vide Exile no. 2, p. 171.)

The fascist idea or shall we say the raison d'être of fascism is to be found on the same page: "We are tired of a government in which there is no responsible person having a front name a hind name and an address."

The Zeitgeist, or what ever we are to call it, let us say the organizing thought of our time is concerned with the emergence or the resurgence of the idea of a cooperative state. We need possibly another fifty years of hard thought (and a lot of people busy at it) to find the true equation for the extent of state power compatible with civilization.

The combined and active vigilance of "all" or at any rate of all the available minds will not be excessive.

* * *

The object of the state is the public convenience.

* * *

No activity, or bureau, or establishment of the state is justifiable save in so far as it conduces to this end.

Bureaucracy the Flail of Jehovah

Bureaucrats are a pox. They are supposed to be *necessary*. Certain chemicals in the body are supposed to be necessary to life, but cause death the moment they increase beyond a suitable limit.

The time has come when we should begin to study Lenin qualitatively and analyticly, and not merely polemically. He is, after all, an historic figure, and we should consider him calmly, as we consider Cardinal Richelieu, or Mazarin, or any other man indubitably effective in public action. It is highly probable that we will find him a more interesting and far less disagreeable character than either of these so distinguished french prelates.

And it now begins to appear that, considering his setting, Lenin was a very moderate person . . . surrounded by fanatical and emotionally excitable persons—swayed often by aimless bitterness. Apart from the social aspect he was of interest, technically, to serious writers. He never wrote a sentence that has any interest in itself, but he evolved almost a new medium, a sort of expression half way between writing and action. This was a definite creation, as the Napoleonic code was creation. Lenin observed that

bureaucracy was an evil, and "meant" to eliminate it as fast as possible. Giving it as nearly as possible in the words Steffens used on his return from Russia, Lenin had said: "All that is the political department, and it is to be got rid of as soon as we can."

No country produces two Napoleons or two Lenins in succession; so we may expect Russia to be reasonably slow in producing Utopia, but we have fairly straight testimony as to one man's perception of a law of state. That is: as soon as any group of men found a government, or an order, bureaucrats begin to destroy it.

It makes no difference whether it is an autocracy, tyranny, democracy, or even one of these projected horrors based on the mutually merging imbecility of the stupidest; the minute the state exists the bureaucrat begins parasitic action for himself and against the general public. He is in perpetual session, he acts continuously. And "men of the same trade," as Adam Smith has remarked, "never meet together without a conspiracy against the general public."

America is acephalous, and things recognized elsewhere penetrate our consciousness very slowly. The French have long since begun serious study of the habits of one bureaucrat and "the fonctionnaire." But France is, unfortunately, in her dotage. In the century before last such an analysis would have been a prelude to action, now the French, while making analytic research into the tropisms of this disagreeable fauna merely tend toward observation, or to-

wards finding excuses for the matoid who takes eight minutes to sell a 25 centime stamp, or who causes queues to stand twenty minutes at the railway ticket window in Toulouse.

It is a weak nation, that having existed intellectually, and with most laudable activity, from 1830 straight down to 1918 feels it has earned its rest. If it dies it will die at a respectable age. We, on the contrary, not having yet produced a civilization, must guard against premature death. At present even the name of the disease is unfamiliar to our general public, the disease is, heaven knows, rampant enough, but the patient is so young and distracted that no one takes any notice.

The Fall-Sinclair case is treated, in every American journal I have seen, as if it were something discrete, and separate from everything else. How anyone can suppose that this case can occur without there being a vast mass of cognate and allied torpidity all through the Washington bureaus is beyond me. The answer is "they don't suppose," if thinking at all they are thinking of something else.

The English theory (I mean among the "high up"), the theory of the actual rulers of England, is that theories of government are of no importance, and that the form of government is absolutely unimportant, and that the whole and maximum governing talent and energy of any actual or possible nation is required to keep its legislature and bureaucracy honest. Hence their utter indifference to the

"anachronism of a monarchy." Hence their huge salaries paid to judges, their heavy pensions to government servants of all kinds.

In all of which things, form or no form, they set a most admirable example to our skinflint dealings with public servants, to the bullying of them by senators, etc., to the tardiness of state pensions and to the general lack of *demand* for the best possible government service.

The U. S. government can no longer compete with even third rate mercantile companies in buying its labour. The result is what one would expect: rotten service, bureaucratic scheming, the multiplication of jobs. I mean if a man can't get pay and a pension, he can manage to get a secretary, a few flapper typists, etc., and the more he gets the more he must justify their existence.

That is perhaps a new phase, due to the efficiency mania brought in under President Taft.

The ideal bureaucracy is the smallest possible one, and one with functions reduced to a minimum. Kipling in his third intelligent moment defined proper function of government as "dealing with the traffic, and all that it implies."

This is obviously as far as it is possible to get from the degrading concepts of government practiced by Wilson, Harding, Bryan, Volstead, the pork-boys, theologians, and other plagues of our capital.

Parenthesis, I know I am expected to be factual, but one must occasionally stop to define an idea, or to

ascertain the lines along which one means to assemble one's facts, and the sort of interpretative value one can give them when marshalled.

One can cite delightful anecdotes of the incompetence of Taft's efficiency experts, but the point is that this idea of activity as a merit is, when applied to bureaucrats, as deadly as the idea of activity among tuberculous baccillæ. Whereas in time past they slacked and left the nation in comparative peace, they, under Taft, began to justify their existence by working, and by discovering things to work on. The necessity being to work, as distinct from finding work which was of use to the public or which contributes to the general convenience. Work to protect oneself from the danger of being caught with a sinecure.

Then came Wilson, and give him all the "credit" you wish, all the servile adulation of Mr. Baker will not be enough to hide, ultimately, the fact that Wilson's reign was a period of almost continuous misfortune to the organism of official life in America.

Came the war, the ultimate stupidity of Europe, the slow breaking of ignorance in America, the immense engulfments of bunk and sentiment, that would have been spared us, perhaps by an immediate Rooseveltian Fourth of July celebration in 1914. Came the creation of a vast number of offices, functions, furies, etc., and the never to be sufficiently damned, blasted, and reviled substitution of the attitude of professor to undergrad for that of elected official to electors, in our ill-starred jejune republic.

The res publica means the public thing, the public convenience.

It is not convenient to have one's nose blown by another, and we therefore blow our own noses, after the age of two.

That is the view point of the sane citizen. But the point of view of the fonctionnaire is: I must have a function. I must do something. I must keep busy. And moving along that line there is absolutely nothing he is not ready to do to or for the "people," regardless absolutely and utterly of whether the "peepul" want it done, or derive any benefit or any augmented convenience from it.

Hence he, the fonctionnaire, becomes first a mild nuisance, then an aggravated nuisance, and finally an unending curse, everywhere present, nowhere desirable, and daily increasing in pomposity, stupidity, ingenuity and a conviction of the divinity of his mission he becomes, in his own eye, the lifeblood of the state. Without him no state would exist. Men would be an herd without law (by this time he no longer distinguishes between law, and government), and, horror of untimely horrors, each man would blow his own nose, and no official nose blowers wd. receive a salary as nose blowers, with a small extra commission per nose.

As to the ingenuity in inutility to which bureaucracy can attain in well bureau'd states, one has the incident reported to us by Mr. Antheil: before the war all foreigners were registered in Germany, want-

ing to find a friend who had changed his address Mr. A. was told that "they" wd. know at the Stadtsverwhichumwhach, whither he repaired. Oh yes they were all registered, there were slips for everyone who had come to the city since 1813, but the records had only been *made up* as far as A. D. 1848. That is to say there were slips, all right enough, for everyone who had come to the town, but those that cd. be found without having to examine each slip of, the myriad stopped in that year, A. D. 1848.

That is the type of harmless bureaucracy, under tyranny. It corresponds with pre-Taft America where the treasury still bought wads of red string of a given length for the purpose of tying up the sacks of twocent pieces. No two cent pieces having been made since, let us say some time in the sixties. Let us say gov't. waste of about 60 dollars a year. That is innocuous.

The actions of one efficiency expert inebriated by the above discovery, take me into pure comedy and away from my subject. They are perfectly factual. Old and wise governments recognize the uses of sinecure, small simple sinecures, and the uses of fidelity. Governments based on injustice, or on some ludicrous principle like the divine right of kings aim, per force, at smooth functioning of the governmental machinery, at the suavity of official "servants," etc.

That is why "mature" men hesitate about revoluting, hesitate about busting up some government founded on comic opera theory, in favour of some

form of government based on high sounding cliché, and unassailable rectitude of professions.

It is because the inspectors in the port of New York are told that they represent justice that they behave like gorillas. Strong in the might of the Lord, burning with righteousness, etc. crusading ever in the name of one Highest. They keep watch for the possible victim, their natural enemy, not an official but the public.

It is a choice of evils.

In a rotten tyranny these men would share possibly the humanity of the victim, i,e, part of the time; the rest they wd. be engaged in accepting petty bribes.

The point or corollary here is that theoretical perfection in a government impels it ineluctably toward tyranny. In ancient days it was the divine descent of the ruler; in our time it is the theoretical justice or perfection of the organism, the to, for and by the plebs, etc. that puts this more moral fervour and confidence in so dangerous a place, i,e, as powder in the cannon, and behind the projectile.

All it comes to is that everyone must observe constant vigilance; knowing that the official is paid "by the people", that he is definitely their employee, they must insist on his behaving with the same sort of servicibility that a waiter shows when bringing their dinner.

There must be no ambiguity whatsoever in this matter. The waiter is not there to juggle plates, to wash the dishes in the diningroom, to bring dishwater

for soup, etc. or to inspect the private lives of the clientèle.

You don't, on the other hand, expect a good waiter at half price.

We must have bureaucrats? If we must have bureaucrats by all means let us treat them humanely; let us increase their salaries, let us give them comforting pensions; let them be employed making concordances to Hiawatha, or in computing the number of sand-fleas to every mile of beach at Cape May, but under no circumstances allow them to do anything what bloody ever that brings them into contact with the citizen. The citizen should never meet or see an official in the exercise of its functions. Treat the bureaucrat with every consideration, and when he ultimately dies do not replace him.

* * *

The job of America for the next twenty years will be to drive back the government into its proper place, i,e, to force it to occupy itself solely with things which are the proper functions of government.

Twenty years ago most of the American writing talent was drawn off onto writing about civic affairs. The present crop of young writers, with perhaps no more talent, are too lazy to occupy themselves with civic affairs, even when these impinge on the writers' own. There are 600 young, who are not yet able to do anything in literature who could occupy themselves writing articles against contemporary idiocies in ad-

ministration until such time as they are ripe for original composition.

The qualifications of the ideal fonctionnaire, customs official or other are that he shd. be lazy, timid, have nice manners, no power, and a good deal of intelligence. The higher bureaucrats should be grounded in the TA HIO and in the analects of Confucius, apart from which they need only a specialist's "education". In the ideal state no Christian should ever be permitted to hold executive office. If this last proposition is not self-evident I am perfectly willing to debate it.

Peace

There are certain *known* causes of war, or let us say there are certain perfectly well-known forces that constantly work toward war. "Foundations" etc. supposed to be labouring for peace would do well to stop studying the "effects of war" (e,g, "Early Effects of the European War upon the Finance, Commerce and Industry of Chile". List of Pubctns. Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Sept. 1, 1927, p. 17) and study the causes.

* * *

The known causes of war are:

1. Manufacture and high pressure salesmanship of munitions, armaments etc.

2. Overproduction and dumping, leading to trade friction, etc. strife for markets etc.
3. The works of interested cliques, commercial, dynastic and bureaucratic.

The useful research, in fact the only research that is not almost a sabotage of intentions of peace foundations would consist in contemporary (not retrospective) i,e, up to the minute gathering and distribution of information re/ these activities—thru commercial channels or thru any other.

Where retrospection is necessary or commodious, the life of Sir Basil Zaharoff wd. be a fascinating document, any well informed record of the exact procedures followed by Vickers or Krupp in getting off their products onto "les nations jeunes," of passing the guns into China or other areas of absorbtion wd. not need painful distribution; sic., "sales, 2 copies, $1.68; sales, 2 copies, $2.52; distributed gratis, 48." (Annual report of the secretary, Carnegie endowment, 1927 Year Book.)

Needless to say the individual unsubsidized author is in less advantageous position to gather such data than a whole staff of paid researchers with a ten million dollar endowment behind them.

Probably we need a repentent Machiavelli, a private secretary to Messrs Creusot to tell how the wiggle is waggled.

Too bad Carnegie is dead, *he* might have seen the point of this argument, as it is we must depend for

action on Dr. Nicholas Butler, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler.

Or perhaps as Mr Magnus for the ultimate degradation of british letters, we shall find a guide for munitions-salesmen, printed in good faith by an enthusiast, who being unable to do it himself, is anxious to tell the secret to others. At any rate the book is much needed, whether it proceed from pocket of the ploot or the vanity of the knowing author.

As to effective distribution of the information I can only comply with the Carnegie Endowment Committee's request: pages 66-7 of their Year Book for 1927, and suggest that they compare their distribution report with the article in the "NATION" for May 16th of this year, "The Million Dollar Lobby", which article ought to be quoted in full for the light it throws on American life and in particular the government and "education".

FROM THE "NATION'S" ARTICLE

The lobby paid $7,500 to Richard Washburn Child, former United States Ambassador to Italy, to prepare an unsigned "booklet" opposing federal development of Boulder Dam. It paid Ernest Greenwood, former American agent of the League of Nations Labor Office, an "initial fee" of $5,000 to write a propaganda book, "Aladdin, U. S. A.," published by Harpers. It paid ex-Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin at least two fees of $10,000 each to lobby for it among his former colleagues. It paid the law

firm of Meechem and Vellacott of Albuquerque, New Mexico, $5,299.66 to "report" the Governors' Conference on Boulder Dam at a time when Merritt Meechem, former Governor of New Mexico, was supposed to be representing the State of New Mexico at that conference. It paid the General Federation of Women's Clubs $36,000 for an "urban and rural home survey." It paid the Harvard Graduate School, in three years, $62,000 for "research" which, after study of the views of the responsible professors, it felt safe; and after equally careful study of the professorial field it contributed at least $62,500 (perhaps $95,000) to Northwestern University, $12,249.37 to the University of Michigan, $3,000 to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, $5,000 to Johns Hopkins University, and $33,000 to Howard University. It has twenty-eight committees working in thirty-eight States, teaching that "government ownership is the masked advance agent of communism."

* * *

"We have located," the industrious committee reported, "practically every textbook and also have found the textbooks in course of preparation, and have been able to be of considerable assistance to the writers of these books in providing them with reliable data."

* * *

That article is full of good nutritive matter. It shows what Mr. L. meant when he spoke to me years ago of the "Text-book ring" (vide my "How to

Read" if that admirable brochure ever gets printed.) It shows what at least one of our "diplomats" was doing when he should have been serving the public and eliminating the visa infamy.*

* My Dear Mr. Gold various details mentioned in yr. repudiation of my opinions (and several not mine that you quite without misunderstanding attribute to me) various details like passports and customs officials and copyright thefts do not "weigh heavily upon me".

My error has been, possibly, to mention root principles and surface symptoms in the same paragraph, trusting the reader to discriminate between the two categories and give proper weight to each. ref. New Masses for June.

Certain things are symptomatic of the degree of naieve idiocy practiced in American administration; as distinct from such small leaks in the piping there are general principles of sanitation, such as the general idea that sewer pipes shd. be lower at point of discharge than at point of reception.

The fact that I agree with a hardened capitalist is of no importance whatever. What matters is the being wrong or being right regardless of whom one agrees or disagrees with.

If the hardened capitalist, bolchevik or fascist agrees with me on any point it is highly probable that we are both of us right.

Practical politics (conservative or ensanguinary) wd. consist in translating these agreements into action. I mean that there are certain improvements of the social hell which are perfectly possible and which do not run counter to the good thought of *any* party. There are other issues on which neither party has any real conviction and where we simply do not KNOW the equation.

The pre-requisite thought has not been.

This pre-requisite thought can *not* be academic, it can not be "orthodox." It can not be orthodox Marx or "orthodox

Article 211

Note: one has to go on reprinting this, otherwise no one will believe it exists. Legislators made it. Le style c'est l'homme.

ARTICLE 211

"Every obscene, lewd or lascivious, and every filthy book, pamphlet, picture, paper, letter, writing, print,

economics" (that priceless phrase of unthinking Mr. Keynes). Above all it must be thought of moving and not of static factors.

General economic justice for a flying age is not justice in a horse-drawn age.

The 18th amendment is one of the greatest betrayals of the principles of government ever committed.

The border between the individual's business and the state's business can not be too carefully studied.

The object of the state is the public convenience.

The state is or is almost a necessity, but the amount of state necessary is probably much less than any well-balanced person yet thinks.

The bureaucrat is everyman's enemy. He is the enemy of all states, despotic or popular. The protected non-entity devising modes for the annoyance of unorganized members of the public is the lowest manifestation of life having human appearance. There is no reason whatever to accord him any pity or pardoning tolerance.

An efficient state could pay dividends, in lieu of gathering taxes. The finances of the Moslem govt. in its early days are worth attention. Modern industry is more profitable than a warfare of pillage. However all this belongs to realm of fancy. I do not advocate a state's trying to pay its dividends in coin or in paper. But the conception of the state as parasite is demoded. (Demoded, I mean in the minds of a few dozen intelligent people.)

or other publication of an indecent character and every article or thing designed, adapted, or intended or preventing conception or producing abortion, or for any indecent or immoral use; and every article, instrument, substance, drug, medicine, or thing which is advertised or described in a manner calculated to lead another to use or apply it for preventing conception or producing abortion, or for any indecent or immoral purpose; and every written or printed card, letter, circular, book, pamphlet, advertisement, or notice of any kind giving information directly or indirectly, where, or how, or from whom, or by what means any of the hereinbeforementioned matters, articles, or things may be obtained or made, or where or by whom any act or operation of any kind for the procuring or producing of abortion will be done or performed, or how or by what means conception may be prevented or abortion produced, whether sealed or unsealed; and every letter, packet, or packetage, or other mail matter containing any filthy, vile or indecent thing, device, or substance; any and every paper, writing, advertisement, or representation that any article, instrument, substance, drug, medicine, or thing may, or can, be used or applied for preventing conception or producing abortion or for any indecent or immoral purpose; and every description calculated to induce or incite a person to so use or apply any such article, instrument, substance, drug, medicine, or thing, is hereby declared to be non-mailable matter and shall not be conveyed in the mails or delivered from any post office or by any letter carrier. Whoever shall knowingly deposit, or

cause to be deposited for mailing or delivery, anything declared by this section to be non-mailable, or shall knowingly take or cause the same to be taken from the mails for the purpose of circulating or disposing thereof, or of aiding in the circulation or disposition thereof, shall be fined not more than five thousand dollars, or imprisoned not more than five years, or both."

Kick

The inability of contemporary Americans to kick about anything whatsoever is one of the most disgusting phenomena one has to face in dealing with one's contemporary compatriots. The individuals of our nation put up with anything, there is nothing that arouses them to any form of intelligent action or protest. There are not enough vertebra distributed among the whole range of the American peóple to reconstruct one icthyosaurus.

Zum Beispiel

Brancusi's sculpture was taxed by the port of New York on the ground that it "wasn't sculpture but metal".

A few weeks later they passed in the Obblegobble diamond free on the ground that it was a work of art. Far be it from me to deny the merits of diamond-cutting. If the diamond was or is a work of art it is however, and quite obviously, an *abstract* work that is to say it depends for its effect upon the arrange-

ment of its surfaces, the planes and lines by which they are defined, and not on its representation of something else, i.e., a cat or a rabbit or something not the Obblegobble diamond.

Which is as a sample of American injustice one of the reasons why I should like all the "great men" of the republican party to go to hell and rot there till the end of time.

This emotion is not anti-American. England is worse than America in nearly every conceivable way. No country that allows one firm of distributors to dictate what it shall read, to any such extent as this condition pertains in England is worth serious consideration as a country. Its rare even semi-literate inhabitants are to be pitied, but the lack of manhood that allows the condition to persist deserves nothing but scalding contempt.

This contempt should be focused more especially upon men having a certain position in printing and publishing circles. The pillars of infamy required are too numerous for me to list in one number of this periodical.

The purpose of printing such remarks is this: 20 years ago we could correct many of our faults or at least learn how to correct them, especially in matters of art or letters, simply by looking at London or Paris. That time has passed. We are in a new phase. We have got to improve, and in very few instances can we do so by consulting European conditions.

The City

Mr. Edison has been reported as turning loose on the perfect city of the future with such phrases as: nerves to toughen", and: "the loss of acute hearing will be a benefit rather than a handicap to the city-dweller".

Either Mr. Edison is gaga or he was pullin' the reporter's leg.

We will not sacrifice our ears in favour of idiotic noise, and we will not cut off our right feet so as to make more room in the bottoms of automobiles. We have five senses and we are not going to put out our eyes in favour of acetylene glare.

The city of today is picturesque, and demoded, it belongs to the gothic phase of our cycle. All our cities exist on pre-automobile and pre-airplane plans. Anyone with an eye for proportion can see that the narrowness of their streets is in ratio to their buildings as the narrowness of alleys in Tangier or in the oldest ghettos of Europe, not in the post-Napoleonic proportions of Baron Haussmann's designing.

Our chequer-board ground plans are inefficient, stupidly so. The wiggly and twisty streets of the

garden suburb are equally silly, a product of reaction and dilettantism, conducive to no convenience.

All great changes are simple, and the changes to To-morrow's city will obey a very few and very simple laws. First: the streets will follow the stream line or speed line, not a set of blocking and checking right-angles, but a sweep rather like the curves in a rail-road siding.

Towns with "natural advantages", convenient rivers and hills will take more conscious advantage of these set features, but natural advantages really count for very little in the making of larger cities. A small town like Orvieto shows the character of the underlying geology, Rome does not, its picturesque crags lie under two milennia of human construction.

The one natural advantage no future and conscious town or great annex will neglect is the simple solar advantage. On a group of speedways, that will at first seem very wide, bunched in their stem and gradually diverging, we will build not dominos glued one to the other but L-shaped blocks, separate, and with the convex angle headed somewhere to North by East by North. That will give one sun and light in the concave angle.

The smoke nuisance goes. I mean it is eliminated. Ruskin was well-meaning but a goose. The remedy

for machines is not pastoral retrogression. The remedy for the locomotive belching soft-coal smoke is not the stage coach, but the electric locomotive, such as we now use on that picturesque old-world run: Spezia, Genova, Pavia, Torino. The engineer's cab is clean as a porcelain bath-tub. His job is not a white-collar job, if you mean a starched collar job.

The smoke-nuisance having been eliminated we revive the loggia, the open-arched or at any rate open porch taking the afternoon sun. The loggia means the reintegration of the arts, place for sculpture etc. as reader may figure out for himself.

The ground-space in the concave side of the L, of apartments is large enough for a tennis court, and one does not propose to be inconveniently separated from such simple convenience. One's tennis is in the front yard, one's bath is reached by the elevator. The Ls are not so ubiquitous that small boys have to go to some distant vacant lot for their baseball or foot-ball.

Our towers are the great Ls grouped at the apex of the city, sheer steel to some harmonious average, of 30 and 40 stories, with here and there a high tower. Incline-plane cellar parking throughout. That is to say a normal office building 50 offices or rooms to a floor, 40 stories, meaning a minimum place for 20,-000 autos in the basements. Our homes are in the ten and twelve story Ls. Open loggia to each floor.

To the North side of the city is the great wind-wall, open in summer like the slats of a blind, closed in winter, made of some light vitreous matter, possibly enforced with steel fibre or some metallic filiament giving it toughness.

And by this wall, the still wider boulevard or take-off for air planes, stretching the full length of the city. I see the city longish rather than square, for sake both of air and convenience.

Lacking sea-water or clean flowing river, a river, that is, without industrial dumping or unhealthy mud-bottom, one places open baths to the south, cleaned electrically or charged with chemical antiseptics, sulphur and sea-salt.

The whole thing is extremely simple, air, sun and freedom from traffic blocks.

Solving this perfectly clear engineering problem the beauty comes of itself. Take any "old and picturesque bit of Europe", say the old houses east of the Ponte Vecchio in Florence,—they are in simple lines, all made for utility, and they attain extreme beauty. The horror of Florence is in the wilfully ornate sections. (This is not the place to insert a discourse on the incapacity of the Florentines to make use of their city—in which there is no place to walk, sit or stand.)

In the new city there will be an occasional building of sheer beauty, neither church nor museum. Not covered with pastry-cook gothic. It will be perhaps the frame for one picture, or there will be in it a dozen fine paintings, and a segment of library, grouped for some special purpose,—a place for quiet, and for intellectual pleasure.

I take it golf and polo will be imagined to the north of the wind-wall, but all of these things will be of easy lateral access.. The number of "fans" will diminish, fewer people will be content to freeze or swelter on benches while someone else has the fun.

The government will be reduced to a minimum. The more intelligent people are, the less organized government will they tolerate; the fewer pompous officials and busy bodies will be allowed to stand about clogging the circulation. Even the need of the traffic cop will be diminished by the open nature of the roadways. I mean the main routes and speedways through the high buildings will be as wide as the Place de la Concorde, and between the chief towers there will be light steel footbridges at every tenth or fifteenth level. But all of it airy.

The nightmare of triple subways and overhead railways is all buncombe. Intelligent man will not stifle in a mole-hole twice daily. A tunnel may possibly serve for eliminating the English Channel or the

Straits of Gibraltar, but not for getting from 10th St. to 87th. The traffic cop gives way in any case to the automatic light signal.

The first error they will make will be to scamp the aviation fair-way. However, all people make blunders. No sane man will have an elevated train shaking dirt down his collar.

New York is already quaint, picturesque and very old fashioned. Parts of it will be kept on as specimens, as they keep the old houses in Holborn, London, a monument of their epoch.

The right-angle street plan has lost its use. The new city is built on stream line and follows the natural flow of the traffic.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS:

The Descent of Winter

9/27

"What are these elations I have
at my own underwear?

I touch it and it is strange
upon a strange thigh."

* * *

9/29

My bed is narrow
in a small room
at sea

The numbers are on
the wall
Arabic 1

Berth No. 2
was empty above me
the steward

took it apart
and removed
it

only the number
remains
. 2 .

on an oval disc
of celluloid
tacked

to the whiteenameled
woodwork
with

two bright nails
like stars
beside

the moon

9/30

There are no perfect waves—
Your writings are a sea
full of misspellings and
faulty sentences. Level. Troubled.
A center distant from the land
touched by the wings of nearly
silent birds that never seem
to rest, yet it bears me
seriously—to land, but without
you.

THE EXILE

This is the sadness of the sea—
waves like words all broken—
a sameness of lifting and falling mood.

I lean watching the detail
of brittle crest, the delicate
imperfect foam, the yellow weed
one piece like another—

There is no hope, or maybe
a coral island slowly
slowly forming and waiting
for birds to drop the seeds
will make it habitable

10/9

and there's a little blackboy
in a doorway
scratching his wrists

The cap on his head
is red and blue
with a broad peak to it

and his mouth
is open, his tongue
between his teeth—

10/10

Monday
the canna flaunts
its crimson head

crimson lying folded
crisply down upon

the invisible

darkly crimson heart
of this poor yard

the grass is long

October tenth

1927

10/13 a beard . . . not of stone but particular hairs purpleblack . . . lies upon his stale breast

10/21

In the dead weeds a rubbish heap
in flames: the orange flames
stream horizontal, windblown

they parallel the ground
waving up and down
the flamepoints alternating
the body streaked with loops
and purple stains while
the pale smoke, above,
steadily continues eastward—

What chance have the old?
There are no duties for them
no places where they may sit
their knowledge is laughed at
they cannot see, they cannot hear.
A small bundle on the shoulders
weighs them down
one hand is put back under it
to hold it steady.
Their feet hurt, they are weak
they should not have to suffer
as younger people must and do
there should be a truce for them

10/22

that brilliant field
of rainwet orange
blanketed

by the red grass
and oilgreen bayberry

the last yarrow
on the gutter
white by the sandy
rainwater

and a white birch
with yellow leaves
and few
and loosely hung

and a young dog
jumped out
of the old barrel

10/23 I will make a big, serious portrait of my time. The brown and creamwhite block of Mexican onyx has a poorly executed replica of the Aztec calendar on one of its dicefacets the central circle being a broadnosed face with projected hanging tongue the sun perhaps though why the tongue is out I do not know unless to taste or gasp in the heat, its own heat, to say it's hot and is the sun. Puebla, Mexico, Calendario Azteca, four words are roughly engraved in the four corners where the circle leaves spaces on the square diceface this is America some years after the original, the art of writing is to do work so excellent that by its excellence it repels all idiots but idiots are like leaves and excellence of any sort is a tree when the leaves fall the tree is naked and the wind thrashes it till it howls it cannot get a

book published it can only get poems into certain magazines that are suppressed because because waving waving waving waving waving waving tic tack tic tock tadick there is not excellence without the vibrant rhythm of a poem and poems are small and tied and gasping they eat gasoline, they all ate gasoline and died, they died of—there is a hole in the wood and all I say brings to mind the rock shingles of Cherbourg, on the new houses they have put cheap tile which overlaps but the old roofs had flat stone sides steep but of stones fitted together and that is love there is no portrait without that has not turned to prose love is my hero who does not live, a man, but speaks of it every day

1. continued (the great law)

What is he saying? That love was never made for man and woman to crack between them and so he loves and loves his sons and loves as he pleases. But there is a great law over him which—is as it is. The wind blowing, the mud spots on the polished surface, the face reflected in the glass which as you advance the features disappear leaving only the hat and as you draw back the features return, the tip of the nose, the projection over the eyebrows, the cheek bones and the bulge of the lips the chin last.

2

I remember, she said, we had little silver plaques with a chain on it to hang over the necks of the

bottles, whisky, brandy or whatever it was. And a box of some kind of wood, not for the kitchen but a pretty box. Inside it was lined with something like yes, pewter, all inside and there was a cover of metal too with a little knob on it, all inside the wooden box. You would open the outer cover and inside was the lid. When you would take that off you would see the tea with a silver spoon for taking it out. But now, here are the roses—three opening. Out of love. For she loves them and so they are there. They are not a picture. Holbein never saw pink thorns in such a light. Nor did Masaccio. The petals are delicate. it is a question if they will open at all and not drop, loosing at one edge and falling tomorrow all in a heap. All around the roses there is today, machinery leaning upon the stem, an aeroplane is upon one leaf where a worm lies curled. Soppy it seems and enormous, it seems to hold up the sky for it has no size at all. We eat beside it—beside the three roses that she loves. And an oak tree grows out of my shoulders. Its roots are my arms and my legs. The air is a field. Yellow and red grass are writing their signature everywhere. 10/27 And Coolidge said let there be imitation brass filigree fire fenders behind insured plateglass windows and yellow pine booths with the molasses-candygrain in the wood instead of the oldtime cake-like whitepine boards always cut thick their faces! the white porcelain trough is no doubt made of some certain blanched clay baked and glazed but how they do it, how they shape it soft and have it hold its

shape for the oven I don't know nor how the cloth is woven, the grey and the black with the orange and green strips wound together diagonally across the grain artificial pneumothorax their faces! the stripe of shadow along the pavement edge, the brownstone steeple low among the office buildings dark windows with a white wooden cross upon them, lights like fuchsias, lights like bleeding hearts lights like columbines, cherry red danger and applegreen safety. Any hat in this window $2.00 barred windows, wavy opaque glass, a block of brownstone at the edge of the sidewalk crudely stippled on top for a footstep to a carriage lights with sharp bright spikes, stick out round them their faces! STOP in black letters surrounded by a red glow, letters with each bulb a seed in the shaft of the L of the A lights on the river streaking the restless water lights upon pools of rainwater by the roadside a great pool of light full of overhanging sparks into whose lower edge a house looms its center marked by one yellow windowbright their faces!

10/28 born, September 15, 1927, 2nd child, wt. 6 lbs. 2 ozs. The hero is Dolores Marie Pischak, the place Fairfield, in my own state, my own county, its largest city, my own time. This is her portrait: O future worlds, this is her portrait—order be God damned. Fairfield is the place where the October marigolds go over into the empty lot with dead grass like Polish children's hair and the nauseous, the stupifying monotony of decency is dead, unkindled

even by art or anything—dead: by God because Fairfield is alive, coming strong. Oh blessed love you are here in this golden air, this honey and dew sunshine, ambering the houses to jewels. Order—is dead. Here a goose flaps his wings by a fence, a white goose, women talk from second story windows to a neighbor on the ground, the tops of the straggling backyard poplars have been left with a tail of twigs and on the bare trunk a pulley with a line in it is tied. A cop whizzes by on his sidecar cycle, the bank to the river is cinders where dry leaves drift. The cinders are eating forward over the green grass below, closer and closer to the river bank, children are in the gutters violently at play over a dam of mud, old women with seamed faces lean on the crooked front gates. Where is Pischak's place? I don't know. I tink it's up there at the corner. What you want?—

Here one drinks good beer. Don't tell my husband. I stopped there yesterday, really good. I was practically alone, yes.

Some streets paved, some dirt down the center. A Jew has a clothing store and looks at you wondering what he can sell. And you feel he has these people sized up. A nasty feeling. Unattached. When he gets his he'll burn it up and clear out in a day. And they do not suspect how nicely he has measured them. They need stuff. He sells it. Who's that guy I wonder. Never seen him around here before. Looks like a doctor.

That's the feeling of Fairfield. An old farm house in long tangled trees, leaning over it. A dell with a pretty stream in it below the little garden and fifty feet beyond, the board fence of the Ajax Aniline Dye Works with red and purple refuse dribbling out ragged and oily under the lower fence boards. No house is like another. Small, wooden, a garden at the back, all ruined by the year. Man leaning smoking from a window. And the dirt, dry dust. No grass, or grass in patches, hedged with sticks and a line of cord or wire or grass, a jewel, a garden embanked, all in a twenty foot square, crowded with incident, a small terrace of begonias, a sanded path, pinks, roses in a dozen rococco beds.

Knock and walk in: The bar. Not a soul. In the back room the kitchen. Immaculate, the enameled table featured. The mother nursing her from a nearly empty breast. She lies and sucks. Black hair, pencilled down the top flat and silky smooth, the palmsized face asleep, the mother at a point of vantage where under an inside window raised two inches she can govern the street entrance.

Who's that?
A woman. Oh that old woman from next door.

The father, young, energetic, enormous. Unsmiling, big headed, a nervous twitch to his head and a momentary intense squint to his eyes. She watches

the door. He is in shirt sleeves. Restless, goes in and out. Talks fast, manages the old woman begging help for a bruised hand. A man who might be a general or president of a corporation, or president of the states. Runs a bootleg saloon. Great!

This is the world. Here one breathes and the dignity of man holds on. "Here I shall live. Why not now? Why do I wait?"

Katharin, 9, sheepish, shy—adoring in response to gentleness so that her eyes almost weep for sentimental gratitude, has jaundice, leans on his knee. Follows him with her eyes. Her hair is straight and blond.

On the main river road, a grey board fence over which a grove of trees stick up. Oaks, maples, poplars and old fruit trees. Belmont Park, Maggyar Home. For rent for picnics. Peace is here—rest, assurance, life hangs on.

Oh, blessed love, among insults, brawls, yelling, kicks, brutality—here the old dignity of life holds on —defying the law, defying monotony.

She lies in her mother's arms and sucks. The dream passes over her, dirt streets, a white goose flapping its wings and passes. Boys, wrestling, kicking a half inflated football. A grey motheaten squirrel pauses at a picket fence where tomato vines, almost spent, hang on stakes.

Oh, blessed love—the dream engulfs her. She opens her eyes on the trouble bosom of the mother who is nursing the babe and watching the door. And watching the eye of the man. Talking English, a stream of Maggyar, Polish what? to the tall man coming and going.

Oh, blessed love where are you there, pleasure driven out, order triumphant, one house like another, grass cut to pay lovelessly. Bored we turn to cars to take us to "the country" to "nature" to breathe her good air. Jesus Christ. To nature. It's about time, for most of us. She is holding the baby. Her eye under the window, watching. Her hair is bobbed halfshort. It stands straight down about her ears. You, you sit and have it waved and ordered. Fine. I'm glad of it. And nothing to do but play cards and whisper. Jesus Christ. Whisper of the high school girl that had a baby and how smart her mama was to pretend in a flash of genius that it was hers. Jesus Christ. Or let us take a run up to the White Mountains or Lake Mohonk. Not Bethlehem (New Hampshire) any more, the Jews have ruined that like lice all over the lawns. Horrible to see. The dirty things. Eating everywhere. Parasites.

And so order, seclusion, the good of it all.

But in Fairfield men are peaceful and do as they please—and learn the necessity and the profit of order —and Dolores Marie Pischak was born.

10/28

On hot days
the sewing machine
whirling

in the next room
in the kitchen

and men at the bar
talking of the strike
and cash

10/28 a flash of juncos in the field of grey locust saplings with a white sun powdery upon them and a large rusty can wedged in the crotch of one of them, for the winter, human fruit, and on the polished straws of the dead grass a scroll of crimson paper—not yet rained on

10/28

in this strong light
the leafless beechtree
shines like a cloud

it seems to glow
of itself
with a soft stript light
of love
over the brittle

grass

But there are
on second look
a few yellow leaves
still shaking

far apart
just one here one there
trembling vividly

10/29

The justice of poverty
its shame its dirt
are one with the meanness
of love

its organ in a tarpaulin
the green birds
the fat sleepy horse
the old men

the grinder sourfaced
hat over eyes
the beggar smiling all open
the lantern out

and the popular tunes—
sold to the least bidder
for a nickel
two cents or

nothing at all or even
against the desire
forced on us

10/30

To freight cars in the air

all the slow
clank, clank
clank, clank
moving above the treetops

the
wha, wha
of the hoarse whistle

pah, pah, pah
pah, pah, pah, pah, pah

piece and piece
piece and piece
moving still trippingly
through the morningmist

long after the engine
has fought by
and disappeared

in silence
to the left

in almost all verse you read, mine or anybody's else, the figures used and the general impression of the things spoken of is vague "you could say it better in prose" especially good prose, say the prose of Hemingway. The truth of the object is somehow hazed over, dulled. So nobody would go to see a play in verse if

> the salvias, the rusty hydrangeas, the ragged
> cannas

there's too often no observation in it, in poetry. It is a soft second light of dreaming. The sagas were not like that they seem to have been made on the spot. The little Greek I have read—and in translation—is not like that. Marlow, Chaucer, el Cid, Shakespeare where he is homely, uncultured, a shrewd guesser is not like that. Where he puts it over about some woman he knew or a prince or Falstaff. The good poetry is where the vividness comes up "true" like in prose but better. That's poetry. Dante was wrestling with Italian, his vividness comes from his escape from Latin. Don Quixote. I don't know about the Russians or the French.

> and the late, high growing red rose
> it is their time
> of a small garden

poetry should strive for nothing else, this vividness alone, *per se*, for itself. The realization of this has

its own internal fire that is "like" nothing. Therefore the bastardy of the simile. That thing, the vividness which is poetry by itself, makes the poem. There is no need to explain or compare. Make it and it *is* a poem. This is modern, not the saga. There are no sagas—only trees now, animals, engines: There's that.

11/1 I won't have to powder my nose tonight 'cause Billie's gonna take me home in his car—

The moon, the dried weeds
and the Pleiades—
Seven feet tall
the dark, dried weedstalks
make a part of the night
a red lace
on the blue milky sky

Write—
by a small lamp

the Pleiades are almost
nameless
and the moon is tilte
and halfgone

And in runningpants and
with ecstatic, æsthetic faces
on the illumined

signboard are leaping
over printed hurdles and
"¼ of their energy comes
from bread"

two
gigantic highschool boys
ten feet tall

11/2 Dahlias—
What a red
and yellow and white
mirror to the sun, round
and petaled
is this she holds?

with a red face,

all in black
and grey hair
sticking out
from under the bonnet brim

Is this Washington Avenue Mr.
please
or do I have to
cross the track?

11/2 A Morning Imagination of Russia

The earth and the sky were very close
When the sun rose it rose in his heart.

It bathed the red cold world of
the dawn so that the chill was his own
The mists were sleep and sleep began
to fade from his eyes, below him in the
garden a few flowers were lying forward
on the intense green grass where
in the opalescent shadows oak leaves
were pressed hard down upon it in patches
by the night rain. There were no cities
between him and his desires
his hatreds and his loves were without walls
without rooms, without elevators
without files, delays of veiled murderers
muffled thieves, the tailings of
tedious, dead pavements, the walls
against desire save only for him who can pay
high, there were no cities—he was
without money—

Cities had faded richly
into foreign countries, stolen from Russia—
the richness of her cities—

Scattered wealth was close to his heart
he felt it uncertainly beating at
that moment in his wrists, scattered
wealth—but there was not much at hand

Cities are full of light, fine clothes
delicacies for the table, variety,

novelty—fashion: all spent for this.
Never to be like that again:
the frame that was. It tickled his
imagination. But it passed in a rising calm

Tar dar a dei! Tandar a dei!

He was singing. Two miserable peasants
very lazy and foolish
seemed to have walked out from his own
feet and were walking away with wooden
rakes
under the six nearly bare poplars, up the hill

There go my feet.

He stood still in the window forgetting
to shave—

The very old past was refound
redirected. It had wandered into himself
The world was himself, these were
his own eyes that were seeing, his own mind
that was straining to comprehend, his own
hands that would be touching other hands
They were his own!
His own, feeble, uncertain. He would go
out to pick herbs, he graduate of
the old university. He would go out
and ask that old woman, in the little

village by the lake, to show him wild
ginger. He himself would not know the plant.

A horse was stepping up the dirt road
under his window

He decided not to shave. Like those two
that he knew now, as he had never
known them formerly. A city, fashion
had been between—

Nothing between now.

He would go to the soviet unshaven. This
was the day—and listen. Listen. That
was all he did, listen to them, weigh
for them. He was turning into
a pair of scales, the scales in the
zodiac.

But closer, he was himself
the scales. The local soviet. They could
weigh. It it was not too late. He felt
uncertain many days. But all were uncertain
together and he must weigh for them out
of himself.

He took a small pair of scissors
from the shelf and clipped his nails
carefully. He himself served the fire.

We have cut out the cancer but
who knows? perhaps the patient will die
The patient is anybody, anything
worthless that I desire, my hands
to have it—instead of the feeling
that there is a piece of glazed paper
between me and the paper—invisible
but tough running through the legal
processes of possession—a city, that
we could possess—

It's in art, it's in
the French school.

What we lacked was
everything. It is the middle of
everything. Not to have.

We have little now but
we have that. We are convalescents. Very
feeble. Our hands shake. We need a
transfusion. No one will give it to us,
they are afraid of infection. I do not
blame them. We have paid heavily. But we
have gotten—touch. The eyes and the ears
down on it. Close.

11 6 Russia is every country, here he must live,
this for that, loss for gain. Dolores Marie Pischak.
"New York is a blight on my heart, lost, a street full

of lights fading to a bonfire—in order to see their hats of wool on their heads, their lips to open and a word to come out. To open my mouth and a word to come out, my word. Grown like grass, to be like a stone. Itpick it. It is poor. It must be so. There are no rich. The richness is everywhere, belongs to everyone and it is hard to get. And loss, loss, loss. Cut off from my kind—if any exist. To get that, everything is lost. So he carries them and gets—himself and has nothing to do with himself. He also gets their lice.

Romance, decoration, fullness—are lost in touch, sight, a word, to bite an apple. Henry Ford has asked Chas. Sheeler to go to Detroit and photograph everything. Carte blanche. Sheeler! That's rich. Shakespeare had that mean ability to fuse himself with everyone which nobody's have, to be anything at any time, fluid, a nameless fellow whom nobody noticed—much, and *that* is what made him the great dramatist. Because he was nobody and was fluid and accessible. He took the print and reversed the film, as it went in so it came out. Certainly he never repeated himself since he did nothing but repeat what he heard and nobody ever hears the same words twice the same. Homekeeping youth had ever homely wit, Sheeler and Shakespeare should be on this Soviet. Mediæval England, Soviet Russia.

It is a pure literary adjustment. The supremacy of England is purely a matter of style. Officially they

are realists, such as the treaty with Italy to divide Abyssinia. Realists—it is the tactical spread of realism that is the Soviets. Imperial Russia was romanticist, strabismic, atavistic. Style. He does not blame the other countries. They fear what he sees. He sees tribes of lawyers tripping each other up entirely off the ground and falling on pillows full of softly jumbled words from goose backs.

I know a good print when I see it. I know when it is good and why it is good. It is the neck of a man, the nose of a woman. It is the same Shakespeare. It is apphotograph by Sheeler. It is. It is the thing where it is. So. That's the mine out of which riches have always been drawn. The kings come and beg for it. But it is too simple. In the complexity, when we try to enrich ourselves—the richness is lost. Loss and gain go hand in hand. And hand in hand means my hand in a hand which is in it: a child's hand soft skinned, small, a little fist to hold gently, a woman's hand, a certain woman's hand, a man's hand. Thus hand in hand means several classes of things. But loss is one thing. It is lost. It is one big thing that is an orchestra playing. Time, that's what it buys. But the gain is scattered. It is everywhere but there is not much in any place. A city is merely a relocation of metals in a certain place.—He feels the richness, but a distressing feeling of loss is close upon it. He knows he must coordinate the villages for effectiveness in a flood, a famine.

The United States should be, in effect, a soviet state. It is a Soviet State decayed away in a misconception of richness. The states, counties, cities, are anemic Soviets. As rabbits are cottontailed the office-workers in cotton running pants get in a hot car, ride in a hot tunnel and confine themselves in a hot office —to sell asphalt, the trade in tanned leather. The trade in everything. Things they've never seen, will never own and can never name. Not even an analogous name do they know. As a carter, knowing the parts of a wagon will know, know, touch, the parts of—a woman. Maybe typists have some special skill. The long legged down east boys make good stage dancers and acrobats. But when most of them are drunk nothing comes off but—"Nevada" had a line of cowboy songs.

11/7

We must listen. Before
she died she told them—
I always liked to be well dressed
I wanted to look nice—
So she asked them to dress
her well. They curled her hair . . .

Now she fought
She didn't want to go
She didn't want to!

The perfect type of the man of action is the suicide.

11/8 O river of my heart polluted
and defamed I have compared you
to that other lying in
the red November grass
beginning to be cleaned now
from factory pollution

Though at night a watchman
must still prowl lest some paid hand
open the waste sluices—

That river will be clean
before ever you will be

11/8 Out of her childhood she remembered, as one might remember Charlie Wordsworth's print shop in the rear of Bagellons, the hinged paperknife, the colored posters of horses (I'll bet it was for the races at Clifton where the High School now stands). Once Pop made a big kite, five feet tall maybe, with the horses' heads in the middle and it flew and I couldn't hold it without help. They fastened it to a post of the back porch at nightfall, real rope they had on it, and in the morning it was still there. She remembered the day the old man painted the mirror back of the bar: He took off his coat and laid the brushes and pans from his bag on one of the barroom tables. No one else was there but Jake who sat with his head in his hands except when someone came in for something or to telephone. Then he'd unlock the

inside door and sit down again watching the old man. It was a big mirror. First he painted in a river coming in over from the door and curving down greenywhite nearly the whole length of it and very wide to fall in a falls into the edge of another river that ran all along the bottom all the way across, only a little of the water to be seen. Then he put in a blue sky all across the top with white clouds in it and under them a row of brown hills coming down to the upper river banks. Green trees he made with a big brush, just daubing it on, some of it even up top over the hills on the clouds, the trunks of the trees to be put in later. But down below, under the top river and all down the right side where it curved down to the falls he painted in the trunks first like narrow dark brown bottles. Then he drew in the houses, with white sides, three of them near the falls. "A good place to fish" Jake said. The roofs were red. On the other side of the falls, between the two rivers the houses were brown, two of them on brown hills with trees all among them. Then, after the paint of the rivers was dry, he began to paint in little boats, above and below— She never saw the work finished, for the saloon had been sold and they moved away. The last thing she saw him do was paint in the boats, "Look out that boat up there don't go over those falls," Jake said. The rivers were painted flat on the glass, wonderful rivers where she wanted to be. Some day she wanted to go to that place and see it. Like the song she remembered in school and she al-

ways wanted then to sing when you could ask what song you wanted sung, "Come again soon and you shall hear sung the tale of those green little islands." She always wanted to hear the rest of it but there was never any more. They moved away.

11/10 The shell flowers
the wax grapes and peaches
the fancy oak or mahogany tables
the highbacked baronial hall chairs

Oı the girls' legs
agile stanchions
the breasts
the pinheads—

—Wore my bathing suit
wet
four hours after sundown.
That's how. Yea?

Easy to get
hard to get rid of.

Then unexpectedly
a small house with a soaring oak
leafless above it

Someone should summarize these things
in the interest of local

government or how
a spotted dog goes up a gutter—

and in chalk crudely
upon the railroad bridge support
a woman rampant
brandishing two rolling pins

11/11 A cat licking herself solves most of the problems of infection. We wash too much and finally it kills us.

11/13

SHAKESPEARE

By writing he escaped from the world into the natural world of his mind. The unemployable world of his fine head was unnaturally useless in the gross exterior of his day—or any day. By writing he made this active. He melted himself into that grossness, and colored it with his powers. The proof that he was right and they passing, being that he continues always and naturally while their artificiality destroyed them. A man unable to employ himself in his world.

Therefore his seriousness and his accuracies, because it was not his play but the drama of his life. It is his anonymity that is baffling to nitwits and so they want to find an involved explanation—to defeat the plainness of the evidence.

When he speaks of fools he is one; when of kings he is one, doubly so in misfortune.

He is a woman, a pimp, a prince Hal—

Such a man is a prime borrower and standardizer—No inventor. He lives because he sinks back, does not go forward, sinks back into the mass—

He is Hamlet plainer than a theory—and in everything.

You can't buy a life again after it's gone, that's the way I mean.

He drinks awful bad and he beat me up every single month while I was carrying this baby, pretty nearly every week.

(Shakespeare) a man stirred alive, all round *not* minus the intelligence but the intelligence subjugated —by misfortune in this case maybe.—subjugated to the instinctive whole as it must be, but not minus it as in almost everything—not by cupidity that blights an island literature—but round, round, a round world *E pur si muove. That* has never sunk into literature as it has into geography, cosmology. Literature is still mediæval, formal, dogmatic, the scholars, the obstinate rationalists—

These things are easy and obvious but it is not easy to formulate them, and it is still harder to put them

down briefly. Yet it must be possible since I have done it here and there.

Such must be the future: penetrant and simple—minus the scaffolding of the academic, which is a "lie" in that it is inessential to the purpose as to the design.

This will do away with the stupidity of little children at school, which is the incubus of modern life —and the defense of the economists and modern rationalists of literature. To keep them drilled.

The difficulty of modern styles is made by the fragmentary stupidity of modern life, its lacunæ of sense, loups, perversions of instinct, blankets, amputations, fullsomeness of instruction and multiplications of inanity. To avoid this, accuracy is driven to a hard road. To be plain is to be subverted since every term must be forged new, every word is tricked out of meaning, hanging with as many cheap traps as an altar.

The only human value of anything, writing included, is intense vision of the facts, add to that by saying the truth and action upon them,—clear into the machine of absurdity to a core that is covered.

God—Sure if it means sense. "God" is poetic for the unobtainable. Sense is hard to get but it can be got. Certainly that destroys "God", it destroys every-

thing that interferes with simple clarity of apprehension.

11/16 The art of writing is all but lost (not the science which comes afterward and depends completely on the first) it is to make the stores of the mind available to the pen—Wide! That which locks up the mind is vicious.

Mr. Seraphim: They hate me. Police Protection. She was a flaming type of stupidity and its resourceful manner under Police Protection—the only normal: a type. One of the few places where the truth (demeaned) clings on.

11/13 Travelling in Fast Company

As the ferry came into the slip there was a pause then a young fellow on a motorcycle shot out of the exit, looked right and left, sighted the hill, opened her up and took the grade at top speed. Right behind him came three others bunched and went roaring by, and behind them was a youngster travelling in fast company his eyes fastened on the others, and behind him an older guy sitting firm and with a face on him like a piece of wood ripped by without a quiver. And that brings it all up—Shakespeare—plays.

. . . Its hands stuck up in the air like prongs. Just sticking up in the air, fingers spread apart.

Goethe was a rotten dramatist. . . .

11/20

Even idiots grow old
in a cap with the peak
over his right ear
cross eyed
shamble footed
minding the three goats
behind the firehouse
his face is deeper lined
than last year
and the rain comes down
in gusts suddenly

11/22

and hunters still return
even through the city
with their guns slung
openly from the shoulder
emptyhanded howbeit
for the most part
but aloof
as if from and truly from
another older world

11/24 If genius is profuse, never ending—stuck in the middle of a work is—the wrong track. Genius is the track, seen. Once seen it is impossible to keep from it. The superficial definitions, such as "genius is industry, genius is hard work, etc." are nonsense. It is to see the track, to smell it out, to know it inevitable—sense sticking out all round feeling, feeling, seeing—hearing touching. The rest is pure gravity. (the earth pull).

Creations:—they are situations of the soul (Lear, Harpagon, Œdipus Rex, Electra) but so closely (subjectively) identified with life that they become people. They are offshoots of an intensely simple mind. It is no matter what we think, no matter what we are.

The drama is the identification of the character with the man himself (Shakespeare—and his sphere of knowledge, close to him). As it flares in himself the drama is completed and the back kick of it is the other characters, created as the reflex of the first, so the dramatist "lives," himself in his world. A poem is a soliloqüy without the "living" in the world. So the dramatist "lives" the character. But to labor over the "construction" over the "technique" is to defeat, to tie up the drama itself. One cannot live after a prearranged pattern, it is all simply dead.

This is the thing (obvious and simple) that except through genius makes the theater a corpse. To intensely realize identity makes it live (borrowing stealing the form by feeling it—as an uninformed man must). A play is this primary realization coming up to intensity and then fading (futilely) in self. This *is* the technique, the unlearnable, it is the *natural* drama, which can't imagine situations in any other way than in association with the flesh—till it becomes living, it is so personal to a nothing, a nobody.

The painfully scrupulous verisimilitude which

honesty affects drill, disciplins defeats its own ends in—

To be nothing and unaffected by the results, to unlock, and to flow (They believe that when they have the mold of technique made perfect without a leak in it that the mind will be *drilled* to flow there whereas the mind is locked the more tightly the more perfect the technique is forged) (or it may flow, disencumbered by what it has learned, become unconscious, provided the technique becomes mechanical, goes out of the mind and so the mind (now it has been cut for life in this pattern)) can devote itself to that just as if it had learned it imitatively or not at all.

To be nothing and unaffected by the results, to unlock and flow, uncolored, smooth, carelessly—not cling to the unsolvable lumps of personality (yourself and your concessions, poems) concretions—

11/28 I make really very little money.
What of it?
I prefer the grass with the rain on it
the short grass before my headlights
when I am turning the car—
a degenerate trait, no doubt.
It would ruin England.

12/2 The first snow was a white sand that made the white rocks seem red,

The police are "the soldiers of the Duke". The great old names: Gaynor, Healy—

12 '9 Imagine a family of four grown men, one in bed with a sore throat, one with fresh plaster dust on his pants, one who played baseball all last summer and one holding the basin, four young men and no women but the mother with small pox scars marring the bridge and the end of her nose and dinner on the table, oil and meat bits and cuts of green peppers, the range giving out a heat for coats on the backs of the chairs to dry in.

Fairfield: Peoples Loan and Service, Money to Loan: and a young man carrying a bowling ball in a khaki canvas case. The Midland and a fern in the window before the inner oak and cut glass screen. House and sign painting in all its branches. Fairfield Bowling and Billiard Academy. Architect John Gabrone Architect, U. S. Post Office, Fairfield, N. J. Branch. Commercial Barber Shop. The New Cigarette Three Castles. Real Estate and Insurance, Motor Vehicle Agency. Commercial Lunch. Fairfield Home Laundry, soft water washing.

12 '15 What an image in the face of Almighty God is she
her hands in her slicker pockets, head bowed,
Tam pulled down, flat backed, lanky legged,
loose feet kicking the pebbles as she goes

12/18 Here by the watertank and the stone, mottled granite, big as a rhinocerous head—cracked on one side—Damn families. My grandfather was a business man, you know. He kept the ice house in Mayaguez. They imported the ice. He kept it and sold it. My grandmother, my mother's mother, would make syrups, strawberry and like that. He would sell them also. But his half brother Henriquez, there's plenty of that in my family, would go there, to the ice house, and drink all day long without paying anything, until the man my grandfather had there complained. "You know Henriquez comes and drinks five or six glasses of syrup and never pays anything." He did that. Just drank, lived at the house, took anything he pleased. That's how, as my Mother says, she came to know Manuel Henriquez, her half cousin, better than she did her own brother who was away much of the time studying. Henriquez would never work, help or do anything until my grandfather had to tell him to stop. It was at about this time my grandfather died and this is how my Mother came to distrust and hate the Germans. All my grandfather's friends were German, all but a few. "It was a man named Krug. I suppose he may have been father's partner anyhow he was his best friend, I don't know. When my father died, Krug came to my mother and asked her if she had anything because my father owed some money. She had an *hacienda* in the country that she had had since before she was married, her own. She gave that. Then Krug came

and said it was all gone, that there was nothing left. After that, he turned his back on the family (The skunk). It was the Spanish druggist Mestre who lent my mother the money to buy a few things and sell them to make a little business. He was a Catalan—they can't say Pepe, like a Castilian but he would call his wife, Papeeta. My Mother would send to Paris for a half dozen fine shirts, but fine, fine shirts and a few things like that. My brother was in Paris studying. When Krug told my Mother she must send for him, that there was nothing left, she wrote. He answered her that he would sweep the streets of Paris rather than leave. She would send him money she made on her little business. Sometimes, he told us afterward, he would keep a sou in his pocket two weeks so as not to say he hadn't any money. The students helped each other. Barclay, an Englishman, was one of his best friends. He helped him."

That's why my own mother's education ended abruptly. Sometimes she would copy out letters for my grandmother, child that she was, to send to Paris. When her brother returned a doctor he himself sent her to Paris to study painting. But he married and he began to have children and he never collected any money—he had a wife too. So finally he sent for my mother to go back to Santo Domingo where they were living then. Mother cried for three days then she had to go and leave it all. When she got there

her brother told her about his friend, Blackwell. A fine fellow, the best in the world *"pero no es musicante."* Blackwell was in the States at the time of my mother's return from Paris having his teeth fixed.

When a little child would be bothersome they would tell her to go ask the maid for a little piece of *ten te aya.*

When my brother was happy he would sing, walking up and down kicking out his feet: *Si j'etais roi de Bayaussi-e, tu serai reine-e par ma foi!* You made me think right away of him."

ROBERT McALMON:

Gertrude Stein

Gertrude Stein being a Sumerian monument at five o'clock tea on Fleurus street among Picassos, Braques, and some Cezannes; slowly the slow blush monumentally mounting as in dismay pontificating Miss Stein loses herself in the labyrinthine undergrowths of her jungle-muddy forestial mind naïvely intellectualizing.

In 1925, speaking again of herself, Miss Stein has said: "No, nobody has done anything to develop the English language since Shakespeare, except myself, and Henry James perhaps a little." "Yes, the Jews have produced only three originative geniuses; Christ, Spinoza, and myself."

Miss Stein has been disconcerted by her thick intuitions having slowly suspected that her oracular proclamations are being adjudged rather than accepted as mediumistic deliverances of nature's slow-aged, giving-taking, un-interruptable continuance.

Slowly the slow blush mounts and her tone is of naïve plaint; embarrassment struggling suspiciously to exasperation. "But my manner could not remind

you of anything Sumerian. I have never gone in for Babylonian writings."

Being, biblical, being obsessed with being, biblical, repetitively being, biblical, massively being, the slow slime breathes to being, slowly biblical the slime evolves to being. The aged elephant mastadonically heaves to being, breathing in the slow slime slowly with aged hope, breathing to be slowly. Slowly burdened with slowly massive clinging slime, agedly the slow elephant ponderously moves in the ancient slime, slowly breathing to move heaving the idea, being; disconcertedly the slow blush mounts and the infant elephant panics at being adjudged rather than consulted as an oracle; the ancient mastadonic slow idea with slow suspicion moves agedly suspectful, resting to pause in the ancient slime, effortfully feeling slow being, going on being, to be evolving towards the slowly massive idea elephant, while slowly the elephantine idea evolves to the idea slow aged elephant, suspiciously being, heaving from the slime.

"She is shy, very unsure of herself," the mind warns a listener. "Don't frighten her or she won't talk, and when she talks, one can, if keen, select an idea which may be heavy but which may also be unique. The elephant's sensibility is not that of the hummingbird."

Shyly pleased by "of course, you are not touched by time, so you need not think of your generation. Even the youngsters have not the sense of modernity that you had before the war," Miss Stein is monu-

mentally deaf to the tones of flattery and irony. She confesses confidingly, naïvely being naïve.

"I sometimes wonder how anybody can read my work when I look it over after a time. It seems quite meaningless to me at times. Of course, when I write it, it seems luminous and fine and living, and as you say, it has a tremendous pulsation."

The slow earth slowly moves agedly, massively the mastadon stirs in the mud, and slimed with mud, is mud, pulsating with and in mud, but ponderously this mud slowly evolves to the identity, slowly to ponderously identify itself as an idea, slowly evolved, slowly dredged through the slow clinging mud, slowly to capture the slow slimed identity of the aged slow idea, elephant.

Leo Stein has said, from 1917 on: "Gertrude does not know what words mean. She hasn't much intuition, but thickly she has sensations, and of course, her mania, herself. Her idea of herself as a genius."

Leo Stein has said, often: "Gertrude write a thesis against pragmatism that would get William James' admiration? She couldn't. Gertrude can't think consecutively for ten seconds. It was only after I discovered Picasso and had them in the studio for two years that Gertrude began to think she sensed a quality."

Gertrude Stein is speaking: "No, oh, no, no, no, no; that isn't possible. You would not find a painter destroying any of his sketches. A writer's writing is too much of a writer's being; his flesh child. No,

no, I never destroy a sentence or a word of what I write. You may, but of course, writing is not your *metier*."

Her audience, a writer, answers: "But DOCTOR Stein, are you sure that writing is your *metier?* I do solve the economics of life through my profession of doctoring, but from the first my will was towards writing. I hope it pleases you, but things that children write have seemed to me so Gertrude Steinish in their repititions. Your quality is that of being slowly and innocently first recognizing sensations and experience."

"I could not see him any more," Miss Stein said afterwards. "I told the maid I was not in if he came again. There is too much bombast in him."

Slowly moving towards a slow idea, the slow child repeating slowly the idea being, slowly the child slowly entangles itself in slow bewilderment of the forest of slow ideas; slowly the shy slow blush slowly mounts in suspicion slowly tormented by the slow harrassing distrust, an idea, slowly discovered, slowly emerging, slowly escaping, slowly but finally lost, slowly confusion gathers, the dark blush mounts, while slow panic reveals that surely Miss Stein has slowly entangled herself and has slowly allowed the slow idea she was slowly expounding to slowly escape and slowly lost in slow confusion of slow shy panic, slowly Miss Stein wishes these people who listen adjudgingly rather than as to an oracle were away, slowly she is ill at ease, and slowly she realizes sud-

denly that she wishes these people quickly away, and quickly they go, slowly controlling themselves to quickly realize laughter upon relentlessly realizing being, surely, being outside, away from Miss Stein.

LOUIS ZUKOFSKY:

Mr. Cummings and the Delectable Mountains

Only Him and Me are real—Him, since he believes in himself and even when he is told the audience is pretending his reality says in the coil of his tragedy, "I wish I could believe this," and Me, because she becomes next to the protagonist of the play solely through her relation with Him. And everything else is real:—the three Weirds—fiercely projectile, miasmic oppressions, animosities social and individual, of a fate-cluttered mind,—the chameleonic Doctor so much the image of our times, the circus folk, the American language as she is spoke (oreye mush blige), the ballad of Frankie and Johnie, the poem "Look at Johnie was a man," to mention a few, real in so far as they are springing verve in the being of Him's instant Now. Not Pirandello, nor right you are if you think you are, is the question begged in this play, but rather, what are you if you are. If you are,—"nothing but the cordial revelation of the fatal reflexive" is Him's answer, and, in the event of the last, good for nothing but that. Somewhere else in the play Him says—"And nothing is death."

Mr. Cummings is, of course, Him, "the hero of the play who is writing a play about a man who is writing a sort of play." And Mr. Cummings, like Him, is going somewhere. In the Enormous Room he gave us the hint where by titling one of his chapters The Delectable Mountains (the delectable Mountains of Bunyan's Pilgrim). He repeats the hint with the quotation on his title page: "looking forward into the past or looking backward into the future I walk on the highest hills and I laugh about it all the way." Certainty, here, even if nothing is left for it to know, does not look out through a cobwebbed lucarne on nothing, but through a window opening to the sunrise and the highest hills. Mr. Cummings, it appears, wishes to be saved from the Slough of Despond. He is not content to be the Marquis de la Poussiere. Few writers since John Donne have been bitten as much as Mr. Cummings by dust and epicene angleworms and the awake which must dissolve before the asleep, indeed because he desires to walk on the highest hills and laugh all about it. To entirely laugh (as Mr. Cummings himself might write it) he has not succeeded. Says the Gentleman, "are you one of those God damned artists?" And Him answers, "No. That is, not exactly; I earn money by taming jellyfish." As in "Is 5," so in "Him," Mr. Cummings is not merely the perfect acrobat or the genius carefully, yet easily and very skilfully inhabiting everything which we really are and everything which we never quite live. His intention is

not to be serious, but to be very serious and to get away with it. In "Him," Mr. Cummings while aware that an artist, a man, a failure must proceed is also aware of himself and his struggle in the social milieu. When his age (give it twenty-five years or give it a hundred) is finally gone down escorted by its darkness or light or both, Mr. Cummings' play should remain not only a fitting record of it but a conscious criticism.

This, for example, is not nonsense: "If you wore your garters around your neck you'd change them oftener." The words hit at the very heart of the social dungheap. And as a social critic Mr. Cummings excels. Besides the social consciousness of Cummings' Gentleman, taking off his clothes in the snow because, having discovered what hunger is, he has just been born and will wear only what little babies wear, Ernst Toller's masses are theatrical strong stuff.

This, then, is the way Mr. Cummings is, has been, going ever since even Tulips and Chimneys, if one remembers his little lame balloon man whistling far and wee. And his art runs parallel. His is not (or at least very rarely and then unfortunately) the dreampistol of philosophy which goes off bang—into flowers-and-candy. In speech always exactly human because it is more human than we speak it, he manages one impossibility after another:—a play in the making which is a play; a stage which is black depth,

yet which is filled with action; a room which has only three walls before which people move as though there were four; scenes which seem accidents yet carry out the plot existing as interior structure in the mind of Him; amorphousness which is really structural; nonsense which is morality, and morality which is reductio ad absurdam; disillusionment which is the certitude of deeper vision.

That Mr. Cummings will himself walk the Delectable Mountains one can but prophesy. It depends perhaps more on the times than on Mr. Cummings. But that if Mr. Cummings continues his work the artist in him will more and more write with all his five senses about the man and man's deliverance in general is as certain as that he has mastered the dark in these lines: "Where I am I think it must be getting dark: I feel that everything is moving and mixing, with everything else."

Preface—1927

I look around at the economic appointors of my
generation.
These pretend not to notice me,
Models of politeness and subterfuge they are;
And feeling myself of the natural forces to come, for
appointors, I suppose I have what displaces them,
Or at least being of the same quality as running
waters, for appointors, I have no pity.

I wish occasionally to tell them a thing or two, but the occasional manner I have long known to be useless,
I must attack for the remaining sinned-against, if at all.
They—the appointors—have names and are guarded, they have arrived, and seem well, being recognized.
Who, on the other hand is here to name me, who guard my fellows when they are murdered?

Who am I, I laugh at the sink when I wash in the morning, to write myself out against the cool directive judgment of a whole world?
Who am I to starve in the face of well-being?
Who am I to snub my appointors when I must draw or die from among them?
Others sensitive are at least insulated by their common-sense, monied, thru fine ladies of rich husbands, the poets may work in a tower,
I must live with the whip of my being, it is necessary that the whip and I rub bodies,
To escape it would be laughable,
To escape it would mean I hide not only myself but betray others.
At night after the long labor and the day's hate for the bread, when the moon came with bitter reward in through my window
I arose to walk to the bath to attend the need of the body.

THE EXILE

Who was I then but a while's brief engine burning
up fuel, pouring out water,
Son of the boreal globed requiescat of moon, I had
died and the grasses of winter were all lying
over me.

Small me, me, always a courage returns to whisper the
lines to the future, the dimness,
Turned though you be, myself, to a tumbler of dust
that dust, let us hope, will reillume grasses—
In the moonlight—; in the sunlight, dead grass
around, dust itself is alighted. Then. But now,

My fellows, living by the peculiar whip of our being,
a while longer, and we must sting,
Or shine, being destroyed,
Blind the eyes of crude faces.
For this, these days, the fearful whip of our being is
yet not enough,
The doors of the appointors are not shut enough in
our faces,
We must hold our mouths firmer (perhaps we are
dying),
Till what is back of the doors
Cries out for fierce valor:
"Who are they, these damned!"

New York,
July 11, 1927.

Critique of Antheil

(*Sunday Night, April 10, 1927, his Première in America*)

You come, George Antheil, to our America
Yours once—now?—no doubt you'll be sailing from
it soon,
And because you said and music, after all, is written
from the heart
I buy a ticket from a speculator,
Myself wracked seeking our living's perfect form,
the bloom significant,
Myself to hear you.

I hear,
And if my nerves that work supposedly in perfect
mechanisms
Would by fate turn outward, play a visible score,
That would be music,
Recessional dynamic—
A hymn sung by myself a solitary choir
Leaving my chancel of this world,
In laughter
For something like your time-space, your musical
machines in fourth-dimensional blues.
As you have it on your saxophone, perhaps,
you joker!

Time-space
What is it?
Is it?
And space. We small, when space we time.
Time, space, will have us all in time.
Is it?
Is it?
Parallel meets parallel,
Conceivable, no?
I don't know—m-r-r-row—
Or on your electric bells:
And we dance on, dance on,
For being relative in
a steel factory, and space, blues,
br-r-r-n, br-r-r-n

Ballet Mecanique—three parts—
Allegro—Allegro—Allegro—
Young blood is the joke to them, your hearers.
They cannot see—these evening clothes—
the sense of beginning forte, ending forte,
of laughing, three times laughing, overturning,
So one bloke says to a greasier one
As they quarrel, having disturbed each other,
Do I annoy you
Then let me annoy you—
Slap me on the bare wrist so to speak—
And they jeer when they dare,
but rarely dare.

And as for me, George Antheil,
I watch you, and what grafted your youth on jazz,
rhythmically precise,
You recall a walking-stick, the body like the twig on
which it lives,
Or whimsical sometimes, a boy's most playful cat in
mythic mittens pounding a piano's keys
(i.e. when there is no mechanical piano to pump).
Xylophones, xylophones, where are you going?
We're gonna meet the negroes their saxophones blowing.

And it seems to me, George Antheil,
You're, forgive me, a bit dilettante,
Go-slumming, about niggers,
And that your trips to Africa bring back nothing but
the usual wild-man Tom-tom
I heard 19 years ago—a kid—
And this is 1927.
But when your wind machine ends, ends
in a wail as I have heard the fires
Wail at night—
the riveters, acetylene torches
in the scooped out squares of building
sites, And stopped—

Music or no music
No wail can be too loud to drown this milksop
audience,
No piano too many-teethed for their banality,
No percussion too strong to indent their brains.

Knock 'em on the head, George Antheil,
Run 'em over like an automobile,
For anyway they do not know their backsides from their elbows
And will only know them when backside and elbow both are broken.

Mockery of the vortex sucking them, leaving them more and more the drenched wet rags they are!
Horrible wail wrenching them when steel, and steam, and blast of new musical machines interpret them, wet rags anew—
Youth, you do not bow to them,
George Antheil, grasp in a jerk, only your conductor's hand, and leave.

And from where I sit
I can look down into the expensive pit
And spit.

Constellation

In Memory of V. I. Ulianov

—wherefore being come out of the River, they saluted them saying, We are ministering Spirits, sent forth to minister for those that be heirs of salvation.—
Pilgrim's Progress.

Immemorial,
And after us

Immemorial,
O white
O orbit-trembling,
Star, through all the leaves
Of elm;—
Lighted-one, beyond the trunk tip
Of the elm
High, proportionately vast,
Of mist and form;—
Star, of all live processes
Continual it seems to us,
Like elm leaves,
Lighted in your glow;—
We thrive in strange hegira
Here below,
Yet sometimes in our flight alone
We speak to you,
When nothing that was ours seems spent
And life consuming us seems permanent,
And flight of stirring beating up the night
And down and up; we do not sink with every wave.
Travels our consciousness
Deep in its egress.
Eclipsed the earth, for earth is power
And we of earth.
Eclipsed our death, for death is power
And we of death.
Single we are, though others still may be with us
And we for others.
We have come to the sources of being,

Inviolable, throngs everlasting, rising forever,
Rush as of river courses,
Change within change of forces.
Irrevocable yet safe we go.
Irrevocable you, too,
O star, we speaking to you,
The shadows of the elm leaves faded,
Only the trunk of elm now dark and high
Unto your height:
Now and again you fall,
Blow dark and burn again,
And we in turn
Share now your fate
Whose process is continual.

A Preface

Mr. T. S. Eliot has told us that "Poets in our civilization, as it exists at present, must be difficult." But they must be more than that if they are to outlive their experience—a refined sensibility for appreciating love, war, death, El Greco, Krazy Kat, Negro Spirituals and relativity,—and mean anything to the future. Especially if the future will find it necessary to subordinate the cries and twists of our present to the creation of a singular sociological myth as great in its way, and as binding on peoples, as the solar myths of the ancients in their times.

Forgetting the ancients, however, and our present —a refined sensibility for appreciating love, war, death, El Greco, Krazy Kat, Negro Spirituals and relativity—it becomes clear why the quotations accompanying my 18 poems, indicative of such a singular sociological myth as mentioned above, are from Pilgrim's Progress.

Because, Bunyan, who had a conception of Deliverance by the right way, straight and narrow, was, if similitudes are employed, a Revolutionary pessimist with a metaphysics such as George Sorel wrote of in his Reflections on Violence: "C'est une mètaphysique des moeurs bien plutôt qu'une théorie du monde, c'est une conception d'une marche vers la delivrance étroitement liée: . . . Le pessimiste regarde les conditions sociales comme formant un système enchaîné par une loi d'airain, dont il faut subir la nécessité, telle qu'elle est donnée en bloc, et qui ne saurait disparaître que par une catastrophe l'entraînant tout entier."

In these 18 poems, then, the pessimistic philosophy of proletarian violence, the only contemporary Deliverance to minds thinking in terms of destiny and necessity.

Bunyan wrote against the ameliorating Mr. Worldly Wiseman and for Evangelist:

" 'But how did it happen that you came out of

your Country this way?' 'It was as God would have it; for when I was under the fears of destruction, I did not know whither to go; but by chance there came a man, even to me, as I was trembling and weeping, whose name is *Evangelist*, and he directed me to the Wicket-gate, which else I should never have found, and so set me into the way that hath led me directly to this house!' "

And Sorel: "dans la ruine totale des institutions et des moeurs, il reste quelque chose de puissant, de neuf et d'intact, c'est ce qui constitue, à proprement parler, l'âme du prolétariat revolutionnaire; et cela ne sera pas entraîné dans la déchéance générale des valeurs morales, si les travailleurs ont assez d'energie pour barrer le chemin aux corrupteurs bourgeois, en répondant à leurs avances par la brutalité la plus intelligible."

New York,
Oct. 17, 1926.

JOHN COURNOS:

Poems

To a Certain American Literary Critic

You dare to write of men who are your betters,
Mingle their names with those of pseudo-men-of
letters.
You work the bellows on those who have no spark,
At sight of fire, you shoot your spittle and bark.

To Another

You want to show the world
That because men have been thwarted
In their heart's desire
They have written well.
You harp on 'banked-up fire,'
'Tis a pretty name for flaring hell!
Well! I won't go into that.
But this I want to say:
You write badly,
You are a parasite,
Other men's sufferings
Are your meat.
Though you write badly
I dare say you've had your thwartings,

THE EXILE

Many I hope.
Had Freud not lived
You would not have been a critic,
But sat on your haunches
And picked off lice
From your fellow apes' paunches.

Postcript to Both

But if this Freud theory
That sex repression makes scribblers
Is true,
Then I wish to God
You both had had your fill of women
And women had their fill of you.

SAMUEL PUTNAM:

Correspondence

Postea sciens Jesus quia omnia consummata sunt, ut consummaretur scriptura, dixit: SITIO (J'ay la parole de Dieu en bouche: SITIO)

* * *

At Paris, a surrealiste dictatorship—a dictatorship that cannot dictate. In England, a neo-Thomist dictatorship that is neither *neo* nor Thomist. In America, Mencken, the Bookman, the Book-a-Month-Club, etc.

J'ay la parole de Dieu en bouche—

(Signed) SAMUEL PUTNAM.

FALKOFF-KLIORIN:

The Rope

They kidnapped him in front of his own residence and hurled him into an automobile. Perplexed he gave his name, but they only smiled to the beautiful sounds. Hesitatingly he handed them his card.

He was neither surprised nor insulted—he only felt seasick—when his card was torn into fragments and strewn in the air and caught up by the wind.

The tiny pieces of paper could never take the place of the small pebbles over which the kind inhabitants of the middle ages reached the dwelling place of the terrible ogre, who was on the verge of swallowing up Tom-thumb.

Thus the sight of this monocolored confetti, parts of which bore the letters that in their entirety represented the name of the kidnapped, called in his mind only a sight of a cloud of smoke—an abundance of steam escaping from a locomotive.

While they were speeding with all the recklessness that the eight cylinders could supply a thought of how much cash he had with him crossed his mind.

They did not speak to him. The engine worked very fast. Changing gears with reckless certainty,

the four men were apparently satisfied with the metallic, Morselike speech of the engine.

So it is with nature, whose language is the language of Morse, and who speaks with intervals as in the roaring of waterfalls; with dots and dashes of cranes flying solo or in flocks heavenward; in short and long intervals between rains.

Fast is the tapping on the walls by prisoners who are to be separated early next morning. Still faster was the clattering of the car.

When no longer was visible the light from the roofs of suburban homes, whose attic windows played with the sun, he was startled by the dull yet joyful greeting that the air compressed in the tire sends forth in praise of the whole atmosphere when the liberator comes: a nail, a piece of glass.

Now only two remained in the car; the kidnapped and the driver. The others puffing over the jack were adjusting the spare tire always present at the back or side of every car—as life preservers on board ship.

Perhaps it was just for fun that they bandaged his eyes and put the spare tire now expired and lifeless on his neck, but he resembled nevertheless an unsuccessful swimmer upon the ocean of life, condemned to a marble life-saver.

He forebode misfortune. They on the contrary knew that the ocean of life was a familiar atmosphere for this business shark, accustomed to swim not by the aid of his hands, not by the alertness of his heart, but by the rise and fall of the power of money that not-

withstanding the quality to absorb water is yet very useful to swimming.

"Please take off the tire, we have reached our destination".

He followed his captors with unsteady feet, not being accustomed to have his eyes bandaged, and now his eyes were bandaged with his handckerchief still hot with the odor of his mistress' perfumes.

He was whirled around a few times in order to lose his sense of direction, like the messenger with the flag of truce from the besieger who is brought before the stuff of the besieged.

Tenderly as if removing a tiny insect from the eye of a beloved, they removed the handckerchief.

"Sit down, please."

He slipped down on a chair. He was aware that this small room would soon crush him with the full weight of the nerve-racking and infernal grandeur of the London Stock Exchange.

It was obvious that they were going to put his life at auction and naturally he was going to bid low. It was also clear that they were going to bid high. The sum named made him shudder. He regretted the wasted energy, the wasted feeling of hatred toward himself with which he had obtained this money and he was held aback by his business-trained mind to pay money only when he was getting something in return.

The goods at stake—his life, was always with him and he never bought it from those people. And now they were demanding from him money for these

goods; they would try to sell him his own property without the usual bill of sale.

Their appreciation of his evident desire to discontinue the wild game of bidding high and low was exhibited by the sound of a hammer driving a nail into the wall.

Feebly smiling the condemned man was led to the wall. Again the handckerchief was being used and its owner, by staring upward was able to examine the authoritative strength of the rope. Slight pain and distrust were expressed on the face of the man who obviously did not want to spend money on a product that had always belonged to him, that was always his own—his life.

The noise made by the chair fallen from under his feet, was replaced by the throbbing of blood in his ears, the blood that was pressing tight his throat. As he was choking and his throat rattled loud it suddenly downed upon him to get hold of the rope, rejoiceing in the fact that his hands were free. Now, while he could hold himself thus, there was time to think. Painfully he squeezed the rope and in a shrieking voice he hurried to close the deal, fearing that his enemy might outbid him:

"Stop, stop, wait. I will . . . I will take it . . . , I buy the rope. Yes, this very rope. How much were you asking for it? How much? How much did you say . . . ?"

And hardly had he been left down from the hook, on which it seemed to him he has spent a lifetime, he

again asked them for the price, while in reality only a few seconds had passed.

They handed him a glass of water which he drank, but he would have preferred to drink the ink from his fountain pen with which he signed the check. He put the rope in his overcoat pocket yet with such a quick movement as a buyer takes his purchase for which the clerk by mistake has undercharged him.

The treasure now in his possession, each knot of which has cost him a fortune, he did not forget to buy some cotton with which to wrap the rope and to protect the hemp from spoiling if some inexperienced burglar will blow-up the private safe in his office in a negligent manner.

MARK KLIORIN

from the Russian of FALKOFF.

BENJAMIN PERET:

Les Cheveux dans les Yeux

Un jour que je descendais l'avenue des Champs-Elysées, un monsieur obèse, décoré de la Légion d'Honneur et des palmes académiques, m'accosta et me demanda poliment;

—Monsieur, pourriez-vous m'indiquer où est l'arbre à sardines?

Je lui avouai mon ignorance et lui énumérai les diverses espèces d'arbres que je connaissais: l'arbre à saucisson, l'arbre à serrure, l'arbre à vinaigre, l'arbre à hussards de la mort, l'arbre à mouchoirs agités en signe d'adieu, l'arbre à curés, l'arbre à bicyclette, l'arbre à gaz, l'arbre à lunettes, et bien d'autres encore . . . mais à chacun il hochait doucement la tête en signe de dénégation; puis, comme il insistait: "Je veux voir l'arbre à sardines!" je l'envoyai chez Joan Miró qui a, quelque part, une précieuse plantation d'arbres mystérieux qui chantent des symphonies héroïques les jours d'enterrement et des marches nuptiales lorsqu'un roi d'une quelconque Bulgarie est, au cours d'une promenade sentimentale, décapité par un enfant de douze ans.

Et sachez que cet homme petit, au regard étrange, a vu dans votre corps le fragment d'os d'où sortira,

tout à l'heure, une légion d'hirondelles annonciatrices de la découverte de l'Amérique; sachez que vos chaussures n'ont plus aucun mystère pour lui, qu'il sait exactement quelle quantité de liqueur séminale entre dans la composition de votre gilet, ce qu'on peut espérer de votre foie et de cet âne qui s'obstine à ne pas braire parce qu'on a lui refusé les derniers sacrements à l'occasion de son cinquième anniversaire. Et pourtant il a bien droit à ces sacrements, lui le descendant direct et unique, unique comme le regard du sauvage qui voit pour la première fois de son existence une pierre à fusil s'unir à un géranium, de saint Pierre et de la bosse du dromadaire ailé qui, un soir d'automne, s'enfuit du harem de Haroun-al-Raschid, pour aller quêter, sur les routes de nuages, le gland des pauvres.

BENJAMIN PERET

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THE "NEW" SCRIBNERS MAGAZINE

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WANTED

by the Editor of Exile

A FEW MORE SERIOUS JEWS

this means first rate jews, no second rate jews, no dancing Daniels, no bumptious bouncing Adones need apply.

Apropos of which last category we recommend for discipline by the Sanhedrin or other authoritative body, the beamish Adonis who inspired or occasioned the following:

I got dh' chew view
dh' odter day:
"If it's AHT
it pays its vay."
If it's aht, it pays it vay,
If it's aht it . . .
SAY,
"WVott brice dh' Bssalms of TDavit?!

"It is strange how many qualities of a drink water has."

—DR. TYRELL, late vice-provost of Trinity.

CARL RAKOSI:

Extracts from a Private Life

1.

Your second cousin, an obscure cigar maker from
Smyrna,
impresses me with tom thumb news.
The words are blunt and throw a sour limelight.
He regrets the way your eye
gluts on the dancing-girls
like an oyster in the head of Bacchus.

But his hands too explore this woman's calf,
his hide lights up above her loincloth
like a white spark by an epitaph.

2.

Witnessed the atom of the element boron
at zero in a classic crucible—

the sub-beat of the summer's metronome
(the organheat of Fez prefigured by
a salved cosmopolis of koranmen.)

the birdclef of Manhattan Limited
(a mudhen in a shooting gallery.)

Picked up the signet of these hanging contras,
and baled in words.
The pince-nez spied
across the astral valance in straight mercurial lines.

3.

My houselights thunder like a tungsten pigeon,
and a leafshadow takes cover in the wainscot
like a hound.
I lock my doors against the beastly draughts.

The light above the chessmen spoke:
I am Avalokiteshvara Matsyendranatha, Lord of Fishes.
Your haunches shall be buried tomorrow by finished skeptics,
like big god pater Jove magnificent.

4.

My wants are like the sparrows of a shepherd,
bony and dark on every shoulder,
and the hair and thumbs,
flying in a beautiful electric order.

Here I catch the pulse in my ear
trot out like a horse on asphalt,
or the watch under my pillow
singing like Venetian glass.

5.

The bitterness are in these eyes
which can not bear the sight of a woman
because they are crowned
with an earthy taste,
because the candelabra of the mind
is black and cleancut.
Salts black and basic,
go the way
of wine and women into lyric matters.

6.

Lay down the book, and match your wits
against this bird (when day
breaks) and your lover's broken teeth
before they sink you like the quips of Jesus.

THE EDITOR:

Data

To save myself the labour of answering specific enquiries and the incivility of leaving possibly well-meant questions unanswered I am printing, or reprinting the following data with an occasional comment where same has inserted itself in my typescript
ONE: WHEREAS:
the following information seems likely to appear in French and German; and as institutions which would never have fed any of the men who did the work are now ready to feed almost anyone who will write anodyne monographs about the matter, one may as well set down a few dates, and give a list of the periodicals in which the struggle took place. Sic: Contemporary americo-english non-commercial literature struggled into being in:

"The English Review", London, 1908-9, edited by F. M. Hueffer and not to be confused with same paper as edited by inferior successors. With Anatole France, Henry James, Thomas Hardy, W. H. Hudson, Cunningham Graham, Swinburne, he printed also Wyndham Lewis (*not* D. B.), D. H. Lawrence (for what that may be supposed to be worth), E. P. and others at that early distinguished date.

"The Egoist", from somewhere about 1912, as fortnightly paper, finally emerging into publishing house, in British Fog, producing Joyce's Portrait of the Artist, Eliot's Prufrock, Wyndham Lewis' Tarr, Pound's Quia Pauper Amavi. (London up to 1919.)

"Poetry" of Chicago, in a mass of morass-like verse from 1912, the Dont's of an Imagist, the Imagist manifesto, since betrayed by neglecters of its second specification. Some of the best verse of W. C. Williams, H. D., E. Pound, R. Aldington; this review also mutilated poems and deleted phrases essential to meaning from works of contributors, without consulting these victims.

"The Little Review", (a monthly), 1917-19, publishing Joyce, Eliot, W. Lewis, E. Pound, editors had finger prints taken for publishing Ulysses. Later a Quarterly. (Chicago and New York.)

"The Dial", 1920 onwards, with less definite policy, worked for intercommunication or at least import of contemporary European writings into America. (New York.)

"The Transatlantic Review", Paris, 1924, edited by F. M. Ford, Paris: Hemingway, McAlmon, Joyce, reference to Antheil.

"The Three Mountains and Contact Presses in Paris." Publishing Ford, McAlmon, Hemingway, E.P., W. C. Williams, B. M. G. Adams, B. C. Windeler. 1923 onward.

"The Exile": Rapallo, Dijon, Chicago, New York. Publishing Rodker's "Adolphe 1920". Zukofsky, and various writers already listed in the foregoing table.

Against which the gentle reader may set the million volume output of the "great" maisons d'édition.

Apart from which there have been the personal efforts and the often very personal expressions of Mr. Wyndham Lewis (not to be confused with D. B. Wyndham Lewis, alias Beachcomber of the *Daily Mail*) and of Mr. Walsh.

In parenthesis I am FOR Mr. Lewis, even when he is wrong, and I am against the abominable public and race amongst which he lives, whether they are cursing him for his merits or praising him for irrelevant reasons.

I believe that all large mammals shd. be preserved.

* * *

It is of inestimable value that there be men who receive things in a modality different from one's own; who correlate things one wd. not oneself have correlated. The richness of any given period depends largely upon the number and strength of such men.

* * *

I don't think I have ever agreed with Mr Lewis or Mr Joyce about anything, certainly not about any basic idea or "relation to life" or anything of that

sort. Neither do I find myself in agreement with Mr Eliot, on many occasions when Mr Aldington might think it prudent for me to be so. When my opinions are not clearly stated in my own publications the reader may assume that I agree with Confucius or with Ovid when the latter is not using clichés. When it was a matter of basic ideas the men of my decade did not appear to me to have elected anything very satisfactory. Mr. Eliot had a general belief that one should not in the matter of basic ideas have a pup sold to one. This attitude has its uses.

The men of the next decade, so far as I know had no general ideas whatsoever. They were fed up with the idiocy of war, and had heard so much rhetorical bunk that they mistrusted any and every general formulation. They excel in direct presentation of the given case, free from inductions.

Apart from the line of literary development above indicated one should in some sort of parenthesis, and particularly for the foreign reader, indicate that for twenty years A. R. Orage conducted the "New Age", a paper not primarily concerned with letters, but in which he maintained an open forum, for discussion of economic *or* almost any other issues. Orage's literary or unliterary opinions are available in his own works. The recall of DeMaestu to Spain to take a high position in that government is perhaps an indication that at least some of the New Age's economic ideas are no longer considered wholly lunar and impractical.

To save still other needless enquiry we state that the editor's works are as follows: in some cases earlier books have been gathered into or condensed into the volumes here listed:

"PERSONAE, The Collected Poems" of E. P. 2nd edtn. Liveright, New York 1926; containing all poems (from A Lume Spento 1908 to Mauberly 1919 etc) that author cares to preserve, except The Cantos.

English edtn. of "Collected Poems" with notes by T. S. Eliot is said to be in process of publication (Faber and Gwyer).

"CANTOS XVII-XXVII" (de luxe edtn. uniform with Three Mountains Press edtn. of Cantos I-XVI). Rodker, London, 1928.

Prose, etc.

"The Spirit of Romance," 1910, out of print.

The Sonnets and Ballate of Guido Cavalcanti, 1912, out of print.

"Gaudier Brzeska", Lane, London 1916. Certain Noble Plays of Japan (four plays) from Fenollosa drafts, with introduction by W. B. Yeats, Cuala Press, 1916.

"Noh", a study of the classical stage of Japan, from Fenollosa drafts, containing the above four plays and several more. 1917 out of print.

"Pavannes and Divisions", Knopf, N. Y. 1918.

"Instigations", 1920, out of print.

Gourmont's "Physique de l'Amour" translated, Liveright, 1922.

Indiscretions, Three Mountains Press, 19 rue d'Antin Paris, 1923.

Antheil and the treatise on Harmony, first printed Three Mts Press, 1924. second edtn. Covici 1927

"Ta Hio", Univ. of Washington Chapbooks, 1928, 2nd. edtn.

I print this list because I can no longer be expected to answer by personal letter questions which I have already, and in cases repeatedly answered either in print or by letter. As for literary criticism and estimates of particular mss. most of the necessary replies can be extracted from some of these volumes. Questions not covered by the "Don'ts" (Poetry, March 1913; and Pavannes, p. 96 et seq.) are often covered by passages in the "Antheil", either by Mr Antheil or myself.

Ethical and economic queries can be solved, usually, by ref. to the Ta Hio.

The following labours will I trust receive an imprimatur somewhere and some time:

"Machine Art"

"How to Read" (my conclusions after 25 years of examination of comparative poesy)

"The Poems of Guido Cavalcanti", critical edtn. with about 50 collotypes of the extant mss, Italian text and English translations.

Earnest philologers will save themselves unnecessary error if they note the foreword to T. E. Hulme's poems in 1910 edtn. of Ripostes. re/ Imagism.

"Des Imagistes", an issue of the Glebe, published later as an anthology, Poetry Book Shop, London 1914.

Notes on Joyce etc., in Egoist 1914.

Uncollected notes on French literature (Dial), beginning with "The Approach to Paris," somewhere about 1920.

Critique of Joyce, Mercure de France June 15, 1922 (at least that is the date as nearly as I can remember it.) The first critique of Ulysses to appear in France.

"Cathay" (at a shilling) can still be had from Mathews and Marrot, London. It is included in later edtns. of Lustra and Personæ.

W. C. Williams' published volumes so far as I can remember have been as follows:

Al Que Quiere, Mathews, London, about 1911.

Poems.

Kora in Hell.

The American Grain.

Robert McAlmon's published vols.

A Hasty Bunch, Contact Press, somewhere about 1923 or 1924, all vols. undated.

Post-Adolescence.

Companion Volume.
Village.
Distinguished Air.
The Portrait of a Generation (verse)

RUDGE-KRAUSE

When I was a music critic (in harness) I suffered as have other of my confrères from unending series of rag-bag programs. I have since had the mania for hearing good composers in a lump, I have wanted to hear "all" of certain works and certain series. The difficulties increase when it is a case of sonatas, but I am glad to announce success in at least one case.* The above named musicians are prepared to give the full series of Mozart's violin and clavier sonatas in a series of concerts. I have no intention of opening a concert bureau, and practical arrangements will ultimately be handed over to suitable management but in the interim I am ready to receive enquiries and answer reasonable questions re/ touring such a series of concerts in America somewhere about 1930.

My own opinion of Miss Rudge's playing of modern music is found on p. 149 of my "Antheil" (or in the Criterion Aug. 1926). Other critical opinions as follows:

* perhaps not after all only one. Due to the intelligence and initiative of Mrs. Christian Gross, nearly all the then extant compositions of George Antheil were given in a series of concerts, private and public in Paris in 1926.

OLGA RUDGE

"She is one of the very few violinists before the public who have a definite gift for the work they undertake. Miss Rudge is emphatically a musician, and one with a special mission as a violinist."—*Morning Post*, London.

"Violiniste au jeu sobre, au son pur, à l'archet souple, à la musicalité toujours comprehensive et d'une qualité si fine."—EDOUARD SCHNEIDER, dans *Le Monde Musical*, Paris.

"Possede compiutamente la technica del violino e rivela doti non communi di approfondimento e di schietta musicalita."—*Il Tempo*, Roma.

"Interprete remarquablement Haendel et Grieg."—*Figaro*.

"Hegedüszonata hegedüszólamet jatszotta nagyon biztos es kepzett hegedüs."—*Vasárnat*, Budapesth.

"Last year the Roman public applauded with warm conviction the violinist Olga Rudge, who in an important concert at the Sala Sgambati with Alfred Casella revealed herself as a most capable artist (artista valentissima) by her impeccable technique, the clarity (nitidezza) of her tone, the bowing ample and sure, and her stylistic purity; and these gifts have brought her a new and happy success at yesterday's concert . . . especially in two limpid sonatas of Mozart. This excellent (esimia) artist introduced us also to two sonatas for violin and piano by the American composer Antheil, which demand true abnega-

tion on the part of the executants. They are formed of fragments of sonority, not novel, reemphasized by the violin up to exasperation point, joined with other pianistic fragments, accurately elaborated so as *not* to combine with the fragments given simultaneously by the fiddle. . . . The Rudge was admirable in the way she delivered the violin part with imperturbable clarity and masterly sureness notwithstanding the implacable and uninterrupted penetrations of the rumbling piano contrast".—*Il Messaggero,* Roma, 20 Feb. 1927. translated.

My present interest is not due solely to the individual merit of the players but to the remarkable unity which they attain in presenting a music which can not be presented without virtuosity but which virtuosity alone is powerless to present.*

BERLIN

Working on I think, perfectly independent basis, though Jean Epstein has known Cendrars etc, but anyway without any apparent borrowing from the separate researches of the past 12 years, and probably of about 60 unknown people, z.b. of Coburn (vortescope), Leger, Murphy (vortecin) and of our brilliant and never sufficiently recognized compatriot

* Copy of Fraulein Krause's press notices (German and Austrian) not having reached this office at time of going to press, the reader will have, at least for the present, to take the editor's word for the compatibility of these two musicians whom he recently heard play together in Wien.

Man Ray, of Cendrars and his associates who produced that mixed bag "La Roue" etc. The machine film, the "abstract" or Gestalt film now exists.

In La Roue the money-grabbers ruined a noble effort, inserting a punk sentimental plot and I hope they lost heavily on it. Calligari does not enter the series of honest effort, it was one of the most craven hypocrisies of our time, stealing what it could have had for the asking and then denying the theft, with a baseness that might well stir race enmity or any other latent indignation.

At last, however, Germany reaps the reward for having absorbed, i,e, bought in, supported the real movement of art since 1900, for every cent they have spent on Picasso, Rousseau, Marcoussis, they have now their repayment, not only in the satisfaction of doing the job, but also, one supposes in cash return.

A new language is always said to be "obscure", the dastard Gifford said Keats was obscure. After a few years the difficult passage appears a simple lucidity.

Perhaps art is healthiest when anonymous, at any rate I can not remember the names of the artists, but in the Grossstadt Symphony we have at last a film that will take serious æsthetic criticism: one that is in the movement, and that should flatten out the opposition (to Joyce, to me, to Rodker's Adolphe) with steam-rolling ease and commodity, not of course that the authors intended it.

This film and the straight Russian sociological film, "The End of Petersburg" wd. alone have paid one

for the trouble of going to Vienna. It would be simple snobism not to accept the cinema, on such terms, as being, on parity with the printed page, L'histoire morale contemporaine, with the national and sociological differences clearly marked. It is also typical of America's intellectual place in the scheme of things that the American film triumph is NOT within miles of these things, that the native American does not like to get down into his present (whether he writes or films). *The* American film is "The Thief of Bagdad", a bed-time story told for a child of the desert. Four Americans may be numbered among the unknown who have worked toward a 20th century production, but they all did their work in Europe and none of them is in any way connected with Hollywood or "the industry," but the concept, the contemporary grasp of contemporary things, occurred in "exhausted Europe". The danger that America will *always* get Chase and not Whistler, Howells and not Henry James is not yet a thing of the past.

Why Man Ray isn't worth a few million to Hollywood beats me altogether, even though I wasn't in Paris when his "work of rare beauty" was presented. Surely no one has worked with more singleness of purpose or with more personal and unimpugnable result.

LENIN is more interesting than any surviving stylist. He probably never wrote a single brilliant sentence; he quite possibly never wrote anything an

academic would consider a "good sentence" but he invented or very nearly invented a new medium, something between speech and action (language as cathode ray) which is worth any writer's study.

Lenin's intention to get rid of bureaucracy, to get rid of all that was "the political department" (as verbally reported to me by Lincoln Steffens) is notable indication of Lenin's lucidity.

Pre-war America was comparatively free of bureaucratic fungus. Post-war America is not yet alive to the marasmus. ref. article in preceding pages.

The young American writer (as apparent in mss. rejected by this office) suffers from lack of perception. Concern with his own, often quite uninteresting interior, cd. be with advantage replaced by observation of his milieu, not merely its otiose factors but the members of it having organic social function.

"Revelry" made a start, it is in some ways unsatisfactory, but no undergrad need lack subject-matter while we still have congressmen. I strongly suggest that our "fiction" writers occupy themselves with portraits of the *types* of humanity now permitted to govern America, congressmen, members of state assemblies, lobbyists etc.

As in Greek tragedy, the fate of kings was of more import than the fate of a slave, so now the type of critter whose stupidity or lucidity functions *in the social organism* to the benefit, but more usually to

the malefit of his milieu is *better literary matter* than affairs of a few tired bar-flies and bar flutter-bys.

Freshman themes on the alderman, not on "A Painting by Van Dyke". Stories, better done than "Revelry" but concerned with the mentality of legislators, are in order.

THE END

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